

1493.W. 37.

THE

ROMAN REVENGE.

A

TRAGEDY.

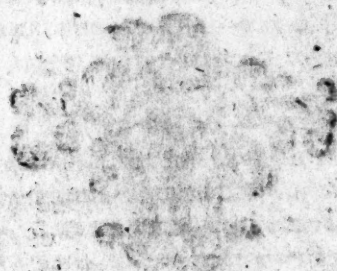
By AARON HILL, Esq;



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THE ROMAN REVUE



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 [Illegible text]

PROLOGUE.

TELL me, ye matchless Fair! Ye fearless Brave!

Is there one Briton—born to be a Slave?

No.—While your Prince half Europe's Rights maintain,
Nor Souls, nor Bodies, here, can stoop to Chains.

Angels, and Englishmen, like Homage, pay:

Bow, but, from Love,—and, but by Choice obey.

Loyal, to Reason's Rights, not Slavery's Awe,

The Sons of Freedom serve the Kings, of Law.

Act, with no Clogs on Sense, no Clouds on Art,

But let in Truth's whole Light, to cheer the Heart.

Such, once, was Rome—to Strength, not Luxury, train'd:

Then Liberty was Hers, and Virtue reign'd:

Safe, in her own felt Power, and bluntly brave,

She scorn'd alike to be—or make—a Slave.

No puny Popeling, yet, Man's Birth-right Stole:

Foe, to th' invaded Empire—of the SOUL!

Plain, prideless Rule bound short Ambition's Plea:

But left Thought, Art, Faith, Hope, and Conscience free.

Far other Fame was hers, when Church-craft reign'd:

Then; every Cherub's Fate, with Gall, was stain'd:

Sweet-ey'd Religion, sow'rd, by priestly Leaven,

Frown'd on pale Peace—and shook her Keys at Heaven.

More than her Maker's Rights, She found too small,

And murmur'd, that his Grants cou'd give—but ALL.

Wild, Inconsistent, Blasphemous, and Vain,

Revers'd God's Laws—to propogate his Reign!

Her Creeds taught Curses.—Her proud Schools Debate

Nothing, but Fool, a Flattery, sup'd her Hate.

She lov'd Obedience,—but she lov'd it, blind;

And, safer to subdue, debas'd Mankind.

No Pardon, there; let Britain's Sins presume;

Freedom, and Truth, are HERETICS—at Rome.

Religion's Darkners will no Reverence feel

For Faith, that bears no Craft, and blinds no Zeal:

Learning, uncour'd by Cant; Truth, wash'd from Wiles,

An Earth, that Reasons—and a Heaven that smiles:

Homage, that no Sedition can betray,

Yet Liberty, that laughs at lawless Sway.

Such had the World's vain Mistress, then, been fram'd,

When this Night's Story Rome's Attention claim'd;

Freedom had nurs'd no Son, to blast her Reign,

And Cæsar had a Soul, without one Stain.

PROLOGUE

Persons Represented.

M E N.

Julius Cæsar, Dictator.

Marcus Brutus, his Son by *Servilia*, but not knowing himself to be so.

Marc Antony, Consul of *Rome*.

Ta-bilius, A Roman Poet, favour'd by *Brutus*.

Cassius,

Junber,

Demus,

Casca,

Pinna,

Marcellus,

} Conspirators against *Cæsar*.

Trinovantius, A British Tribune, faithful to *Cæsar*.

Carrio, A Roman Tribune, in his Confidences.

An *Augur*, Officers, Lictors, and Plebeians.

W O M E N.

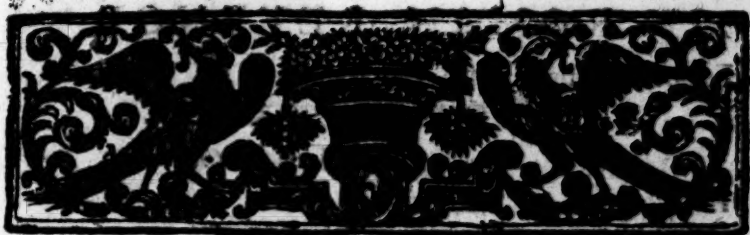
Calphurnia, *Cæsar*'s Wife.

Portia, Wife to *Brutus*.

Flavia, A Lady, Attendant on *Calphurnia*.

SCENE. The Capital, and Places adjoining.





THE
ROMAN REVENGE.



ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Hall in Cæsar's House.

CASSIUS. TORBILIUS. (*Crossing.*)

CASSIUS.



TAY! *turn!*—The imperfect Dawn de-
ceives my Sight,
Or, 'tis *Torbilius*.

TORBILIUS.

Cassius:

CASSIUS.

He!—How comes it,
I meet thee, in the House of hated *Cæsar!*

TORBILIUS.

Portia, to-night, was frightened, in a Dream;
And, hast'ning hither, to alarm *Calphurnia*,
Call'd for my Hand, to guide her.

CASSIUS.

In the Forum.

B

Expect

2 ROMAN REVENGE.

Expect strong Clash, this Morning.

TORBILIUS

Will Caesar, then,

Be King.

CASSIUS.

He will—yet, Dreams of a to-morrow.

TORBILIUS.

So dies, our Flot abortive.

CASSIUS.

Rather, die *Caesar*!

Fix *Brutus* ours—and yon pale—rising Sun
Shall drink the Tyrant's Blood, before its setting.

TORBILIUS.

Speak softly.—'Tis an unsafe Scene, for Treason.

CASSIUS.

Not now.--The House is *Desart*.--Every Eye,
Busied remote, strays upward, from the Grove;
Hard, thro' dim Dawn, the Patient *Augurs* pore,
Watchful to teach mysterious Birds, to lie,
And mock insulted Heaven, to flatter *Caesar*.

TORBILIUS.

Wait you the *Auguries*?

CASSIUS.

Away--light Questioner!

Brutus, and I, with more tame *Slaves*, call'd *Senators*,
Last Night, beseeching Audience, *kingly Caesar*
Told us, fair Meanings shun'd the Shade of Night,
And bad us, when Day rose, attend his Pleasure:
I came a willing Hour too soon--for, oh!
Such a Discovery!--Such Intelligence!

TORBILIUS.

Whence flows it?

CAS-



A TRAGEDY.

3

CASSIUS.

Whence do all Court Secrets flow?
Kings *trust* their Minions--and King-Blasters *bribe* 'em:
Cæsar, to-night, sat writing, till alarmed,
He heard *Calphurnia* shriek, and rose to aid her.
Left, in his Closet, lay a half transcrib'd,
And strangely--purpos'd WILL :--wherein *who* (think'st
thou)

But *Brutus*!--Our last Hope--*Rome's* freeborn *Brutus*!
Is nam'd the Tyrant's SON! and Heir of Empire!

TORBILIUS.

In Form of *Will* adopted?

CASSIUS.

Directly; adopted!

Own'd his true natural-born decendant Son,
By *Cato's* solemn Sister!--Curse her Hypocrisy!
'Twas Ruin--to the Hopes of *Rome*, and Liberty.

TORBILIUS.

What Bribe had Power, to force a Friend from *Cæsar*.

CASSIUS.

Thy Friend, and mine--imperial *Gold*!--more Eloquent,
Than ten smooth *Cæsars*! bought a true King-Server
From his Lord's Bosom,--Opportunely near,
He caught the inviting Moment:--left his Covert,--
Read--started--sent to press my early coming,
And, private here, in the still dusk, disclosed it.

TORBILIUS.

Gods! What perfidious Friendships cheat Mankind!

CASSIUS.

Laugh, and be wise.--So, to betray, gives *Greatness*.
--Forget not thou, mean-while, to speed thy Charge:
Prepare cold *Brutus* for the Day's Impression:
Swell him, with all his prais'd Forefather's Pride;

B 2

Fume

4 ROMAN REVENGE.

Fume his enhaling Soul with Flatte'ry's Incence,
And share divided *Rome's* best Hopes, with *Cassius*

T O R B I L I U S.

Why must *Rome's* Hopes depend on *One Man's* Aid?

C A S S I U S.

All Men are Ours in *Brutus*.—Thou, and I,
And every *Roman*, leagu'd, to cut off *Cæsar*,
Hate Cæsar.—Every burning Breast, but His,
Has sep'arate, infelt, private Cause, for *Malice*:
Who will believe, we strike for *Rome*.—So known,
So mark'd, malignant to the Name of *Cæsar*?
Brutus is *Cæsar's* Idol!—and loves *Cæsar*!

His Aid will consecrate Revenge to Virtue.

He can, when *Cæsar* bleeds, turn Tears to Triumph,
And blot the whitest Star, that lights his Character.

T O R B I L I U S.

But this is Baseness, *Cassius*!—grant it needful,
The *Man* shou'd die—why must we kill his *Virtues*?
Why, to oppose his reigning, must we rob
His natural Rights?—why shade the Soul, he shines by?
No—let us own the Beauties of his *Heart*:
Weeping, confess his Brave'ry, Tempe'rance, Pity,
Long patient Courtings of rejected Peace—
Yet—dreadful Darings, in Contempt of Danger?
Else, we shall spot *Louis* Face, with Marks of *Envy*,
Treating this vastness of a Mind, like Heaven's,
As if keen-ey'd for Guilt, but blind to Goodness.

C A S S I U S.

Perish his Goodness!—grind my Ear no more
With his curst *Qualities*:—I hate his *Power*;

A TRAGEDY.

5

I hate myself—hate *Rome*—hate Life, Joy, Victory,
Hate every Hope, but one.—to make *Him* feel,
That slighted *Cassius* drew down Fate on *Cæsar*.
This let me live to teach him—*Then*,—tho' *Rome*,
Sunk, round me, till her tumbling Capital
Smoak'd, for my funeral Pile.—'Twere Death, with
Glory.

T O R B I L I U S.

Cassius! my Soul, less fiery, cannot strain
Resentment into Frenzy:—In my Sense,
Reason, not Rage, thou'd measure Plotter's Passions.
Be temperate, or

C A S S I U S. (*Hastily.*)

By Heaven! he comes! yon Gallery
Sounds, with his Step.—The holy Farce is ended:
Poet,—farewell.— [*Exit Cassius.*

T O R B I L I U S. (*alone.*)

Farewell, detested Envy!
Motives like thine, turn Justice into Murder.
Something shall, strait, be done.—*Cæsar*! be safe:
He, who forgave my Guilt, demands my Virtue.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

C Æ S A R, Preceded by Lictors, and Officers,
and follow'd at some Distance, by an Augur.

A U G U R.

Cæsar! imperial *Cæsar*! hear the Gods.

C Æ S A R.

Go:—Thou art known.—The Gods, thou serv'st, are
Senators:

Cassius,

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Cæsar, thy *Phæbus*—and his Gold, thy *Jove*.

AUGUR.

Rest, from this fatal *March*, restrain'd by Heaven,
And, by such unpropitious *Auguries*, warn'd.

CÆSAR.

Shame on your pious *Frauds*! they tire *Indulgence*.

AUGUR.

Check not the Voice of Truth! 'twas form'd, for Plain-
ness.

CÆSAR.

Owin't it with conscious Shame.—If Truth loves Plain-
ness,

Why are the God's clear Wills perplex'd, by Art?

AUGUR.

Speaks *Rome's* high *Pontiff* This?

CÆSAR.

He does, I bold *Augur*!

To rescue Zeal, from Pride's unhallow'd Claim;

That robs, to reve'rence Heaven,

AUGUR.

Heaven calls for Faith,

CÆSAR.

How dare you, then, make *Infidels*, by Falsehood?

Wou'd you, o're Reason, stretch the Chain of Faith,

Gild it, with Heaven's broad Light: Touch the taught
Heart.

Nobly, speak out:—and tell th' attracted World,

Nothing is from the Gods, that shakes Man's Honesty,

AUGUR.

Oh! stay thy fatal *March*—change thy rash *Views*;

Bid thy rais'd Eagles fall the expanded Wing:

Air's

A TRAGEDY. OR 7

Air's plummy People, screaming from the Left—
Stoop in their Flight, to warn Thee!—Omens on

Omens,
Bode un auspicious Doom—and teem, with Deaths.

CÆSAR.
No more: (*Augur*) the Gods (*Cæsar*) away—I know
'em, best,

Who know 'em Friends to Virtue:—
AUGUR.

Virtue is Liberty.
The Foes of Freedom can attract no Gods,
To prop their falling Standards;—Heaven beglome
Thy Star, with some dire Fate:—but what, is Dark-
ness.

CÆSAR.
Go: search it, in the *Air*,—and, if thou find'st it,
Arm'd, in its ugliest Menace, bring it hither,——
When Screams of Birds can shake a Soldier's Heart,
Thou shalt lead Priests to fight, for feeble Rome,
And lend their Arts, to *Cæsar*.

AUGUR.
Tremble:—
CÆSAR.
Away. [Exit Augur.

SCENE III.
CÆSAR alone.

CÆSAR.
I wou'd, be happy.—Why, then, am I Great?
Men, who desert their Peace, to serve their Glory,
Toil, for the Malice of oblig'd Mankind:
Yet

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Yet— weigh, warm Heart; impartially sincere,
 Whence Opposition Springs—and Love its Boldness;
 Why claim I Power Supreme?—was Empire—mine?
 Freedom is every *Roman's* native Right;
 And every *Roman* Voice demands it back,
 Where Power's, unjustly, held—the *Opposer's* just:
 But,—where even Freedom is, by Choice, *corrupt*,
 How fruitless—to redeem the *willing* Slave.
 Can I recall the *Dead*?—*Rome* gives up *Rome*;
 The cheapen'd Varlets rate their venal Votes,
 And sell their Soul's Redeemer.—Sleep, Ambition?
 How easier 'tis to *save*, than *mend*, a People!
 Fall, servile *Rome*!—No.—*Rome* is *Cæsar's* Country.
 And, who dares *injure*, where he's born—to *save*?
 Foes! wrong me on—till pardon'd into Friends:
 Busy, for Greatness, I'll neglect Revenge;
 Take Envy in Reward, and make it Fame.
 What new, kind Fear, alarms thy Lady's Love?

[Enter Flavia frightened]

FLAVIA.

Danger, most instant, she wou'd, now, impart,
 E're *Cassius*, and his proud Confederates come—
 Those Enemies of all her Hopes—and *Cæsar*!

CÆSAR.

Go: tell her, *Cæsar* dreads no Enemies,
 But those, *Her* felt Afflictions teach to wound him.

[Exit Flavia.]

CÆSAR. (Kneeling.)

Hear me, *Thou*! self-producing, dark, first Cause—
 All-ruling! all-evading! awful Power,
 Whom, under various Names, blind worship seeks!
 If

A TRAGEDY.

9

If, till compell'd, I drew the public Sword,
 Sheath'd, in my Bosom, let the Guilty fall! *(rises)*
 But, if brib'd Hopes, or partial Sense of Liberty,
 Sovereign'd, a Senate, o'er a Nation, *Slaves*:
 Then, Tyranny (assum'd, to bar a Tyrant)
 Gave Rome five Hundred Kings—left one thou'd reign,
 If I must war—be edg'd my Sword, for Glory:
 Better to bold, than bear tyrannic Sway:
 Where but the Great are free—Reason's, a Slave,

SCENE IV.

CALPHURNIA, to CÆSAR, *(ent'ring
 hastily.)*

CALPHURNIA.

Cæsar! my Life!—my Love!

CÆSAR.

my Soul's soft Care!

Thou tremblest!—Some new Vision has alarm'd Thee,

CALPHURNIA.

Heaven is alarm'd—for Virtue sleeps, in Danger.

CÆSAR.

Rest, from thy Dreams, by Day—thou dear Intruder!

Fears, and Affections, are for happier Hours:

War, and our Country's Cares, demand us, now.

CALPHURNIA.

Can you be deaf to Warnings, from the Gods?

Portia came, trembling, from a dreadful Dream,

That proves mine ominous.

CÆSAR.

What has she dreamt?

C

CAL.

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CALPHURNIA.

Frighted, she saw her Father's ent'ring Shadow
Glide thro' her Chamber, in a dusky Ray :
Stopping, it fix'd a pale, and empty Eye,
Spoke, in a thin, faint, death-denoting Voice,
And pierc'd her to the Soul.—*Portia, Thou'rt mine,*
'Th' unbodied Phantom cry'd.—Brutus no more
*Thy Lord—nor Cæsar Rome's.—*It said, and pass'd,
And melted into Air, and flow'd away.

CÆSAR.

The night-born Tremblings of a timid Love,
Unstefasted by Reason !

CALPHURNIA.

Be it no more !——

Yet, see not these dire Men :——They find, and dread
Their Power's Destruction, in the Crown of *Cæsar*.
Hence, have their plotting Fears, this Day, combin'd,
To blast thy Purpose—or, cut short thy Life.

(*Soft knocking at the Door.*)

CÆSAR.

Go, with thy meddling Tenderness,——They come ;
Anon, thou shalt be heard :

CALPHURNIA.

——One Word indulge me :

E're to the People's public Voice propos'd,
Plebian Votes permit this Crown to *Cæsar*,
Hear a sad Secret, my touch'd Heart wou'd tell Thee.

CÆSAR,

Give thyself Peace.——*I will.*

CAL-

A TRAGEDY: 11

CALPHURNIA.

May all *Rome's* Gods,
In pity of her Fate, defend, and bless thee.

[*Exit Calphurnia, meeting Antony who bows
to her, in passing.*]

SCENE. V.

CÆSAR; MARC ANTONY.

ANTONY.

Health, and a length of happy Days to *Cæsar* !
Freedom, and Faction join, to crown him King.

CÆSAR.

Who wou'd be King of Faction, *Antony* ?
Monarchs, by Freedom crown'd, reign Kings, indeed !

ANTONY.

Why checks that boding Sigh, the public Joy ?
What is there, in the Course of worldly Dread,
That thy great Heart can Sigh for ?

CÆSAR.

———For a Friend.

ANTONY.

No Friend to *Cæsar* needs a Sigh, in *Rome*.

CÆSAR.

Oh, *Antony* !———who wou'd not sigh, in *Rome*,
That thinks of her lost Virtues.

ANTONY.

———If there lives

One, who not hates Oppression, let him love
Rome, and her Virtues.—Both grown false, and hateful.

CÆSAR.

Hate not the Guilty, but the guilt, my *Antony* :

C 2

Ne'er

12 ROMAN REVENGE.

Ne're shall thy Soul expand, in public Love,
Till it can bear, and pardon, private Wrongs.

ANTONY.

When Slander stings us, what shou'd Sufferers do?

CÆSAR.

Invulnerably Faultless, shame Detraction.—

Why shou'd th'ungrounded Slanders of th' Unjust,
Provoke us, to *deserve* 'em?—Late, when here
We met, I told thee, *Cæsar*, had a *Son*.

ANTONY.

If I forsake thy Race—(*Cæsar*) swear nothing, *Antony*
Exacting Oaths, I must suspect Deceit:
And he, who trusts the doubted, cheats *Himself*.

ANTONY.

But who?—what Star of *Rome* is *Cæsar's*—*Son*!

CÆSAR.

Suppose it *Brutus*.—

ANTONY.

(*Starting.*)

—Every God renounce him!

CÆSAR.

What God renounces Excellence, in Man?

ANTONY.

Brutus is hard, and stern.—and, what is Man,
Who cannot weep for Man—and feel, for Nature?

CÆSAR.

Servilia was, in secret, vow'd my Wife,
When *Cato*, whose austere, and captious Virtue,
Repell'd even *Virtue*—if it cross'd his own
Jealous of our Assistance,—yet, undreaming,
How far one soft, stol'n, am'rous Hour had borne us,
Snatch'd

A TRAGEDY.

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Snatch'd the succeeding Day, and, in my Absence,
Forc'd her, distracted, to a *Brutus's* Arms.

ANTONY.

What mean the wanton Powers, who license Chance,
To shame thee, with a Son, unlike, as *Brutus*!
Sedition, will not hear, the call of Blood:
Intractably morose, it shuts out Pity,
And starves Humanity, to cherish Pride.

CÆSAR.

Time, that transforms us all, shall win back *Brutus*.

ANTONY.

Time's Conqueror might reclaim him.

CÆSAR.

Who's that?

ANTONY.

Death.

CÆSAR.

How!—To whom speak'st thou this?

ANTONY.

To Man.

CÆSAR.

Be one.

And, when thou speak'st again—speak, to the *Father*.

ANTONY.

If I offended—*Cæsar* can be partial.

CÆSAR.

No.—For, I see thee honest, through thy Error.

ANTONY.

I thought, Revenge of Wrongs was right of Nature.

CÆSAR.

Men think but to the Limits of their Minds.

For me—despising Wrongs, I shun Severity.

ANTONY.

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ANTONY.

Yet, sure ! Allenvied Greatness, wou'd be *safe*.

CÆSAR.

Greatness is safest, when it dares *forgive*.

ANTONY.

Rome hates your Power.

CÆSAR.

Then, she shall love my *Mercy*.

ANTONY.

I can but wish thee bless'd :—And, still, serve on.

CÆSAR.

Come, thou shalt *aid* me.—Thou hast lent thy Arm
To conquer Nations for me :—Conquer *Brutus* :
Teach him, that noblest Courage shuns to hate :
Charm him, to taste the Power of *gentle* Sway ;
New humanize his Heart, to *thy* soft Model,
And graft Politeness on his Savage Virtue.

ANTONY.

When *Cæsar* bids—his *Antony* obeys :
Had *Brutus* been my Son—I, too, had hop'd.

Enter CURIO.

CURIO.

Cæsar ! —th' expected Lords

CÆSAR.

Admit 'em, *Curio*.

[*Exit Curio*]

SCENE

A TRAGEDY.

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SCENE VI.

Cæsar, seated : Antony, Brutus, Cassius, Cimber, Decimus, Casca, Cinna, Marcellus, advancing to their Seats.

CÆSAR.

Health to the Jealous for their Country's Freedom;
Cæsar's Distrusters, welcome!—*Cimber ! Decimus !
Marcellus ! Casca ! Cassius ! Brutus !—All !*
This Day, the Senate sits : quick, therefore, teach me
The previous Purpose of your offer'd Zeal.

BRUTUS.

Rome dreads to lose her *Cæsar*, in a King.

CÆSAR.

What wou'd you do with this fam'd *Sybil's Prophecy* ?
How check the public *Terror* ?—Must I march
With trembling Legions, unsustain'd at Heart,
And desperate, from Defect of, but a *Name* ?
By Oracles fore-doom'd for *Parthia's Fall* ?
Cassius, you smile.—The *Great* should judge the *Great* :
For, never mean Man's Thoughts out-stretch'd his *Feel-*
ing :

Speak, *Brutus*—were *your Choice* your General's *Leader*,

What wou'd you wish him *called* ?

BRUTUS.

Rome call'd him—*Consul*.

CÆSAR.

Rome did so—but, when superstitious Dread
Of hostile Arms has damp'd a Nation's Fire,
Changes, which tend to raise dejected Hope,
Are *Wisdom*.

BRU

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BRUTUS.

Wisdom has its Fears.—

CÆSAR.

Speak boldly:

Attentive, even from *Foes*, to borrow Benefit,
I court Suspicion's Gall, to aid my Judgment,
With all th' instructive Doubts of Men, who hate me.

BRUTUS.

No Foe has *Cæsar*—but his *Crown* has many.

ANTONY.

King, was a Title, awful, anicent, sacred.

CIMBER. (*Rising.*)

Plain Truth is a blunt Falker—never, rash Consul.

Never did *Sylla*, *Marius*, *Pompey*,—Never,

In all the Boldness of usurp'd Command,

Dare the shun'd Name—howe'er they grasp'd the
Power:

Nor challenge kingly Style, in freeborn *Rome*.

But Liberty, perhaps, becomes too bold.

CÆSAR.

True Liberty is bold, without Presumption:

And, without Flattery, gentle.—*Cassius*, be heard,

CASSIUS. (*Raising.*)

Cæsar has sworn, to guard our ancient Rights;

Sworn, to uphold one sole Supreme—the Law:

Cæsar unperjur'd, *Rome* can fear no King.

CÆSAR.

Malice, disguis'd in Counsel,—Keep it, *Cassius*:

Permitted Slander is a willing Tax,

That patient Power pays, to the Rights of Liberty.

DECIMUS.

A TRAGEDY.

17

DECIMUS. (*rising.*)

Be *Cæsar* King—but, still, let *Rome* be free!

CÆSAR.

A plain Man's honest Prayer.—*Brutus* why dumb?

BRUTUS. (*rising mournfully.*)

I must be dumb, if neutral:—but, compell'd

To *speak*, disdain to *speak*, unlike a *Roman*:

What helps it to *Rome's* Friends, if *Rome* wears Fetters,

That Foes, in *Asia*, join, to drag her Chain?

Leave *Parthia* safely fierce:—Dangers remote

Touch but our *Fears*—Domestick Ones are felt.

CÆSAR.

Brutus! Thou err'st, undreaming it.—Thou, *Cassius*,

Art, knowingly, an unmiss'd Misleader:

Thy Passions fram'd the Pile:—good *Decimus*,

Marcellus, *Kimber*, and such live *Materials*,

Buttress thy factious Building:—'Tis in vain,

To reason with the *Partial*: Men, who call

Their own corrected Pride, the public Danger;

Else, I wou'd say, to Minds, that could reflect;

Be Freemen *among* Freemen.—hard Controul

Breaks a wrong'd People's Spirits, into Slaves,

Or, spur's 'em into Rebell's.—'Tis dishonest:

What Right have we to Freedom, not alike

The Property, ev'n of the *poorest Roman*?

BRUTUS.

When fed the lab'ring *Ox*, abreast the *Lion*?

CÆSAR.

How venal is all *Rome*!—Her every *Senator*

Sold, to his Passion's Biddings.—*Brutus* is sold

To Pride,—to avarice, some:—These *Envy* draw;

D

Those

18 ROMAN REVENGE.

Those *Fear* ;---in Others, hopes of promis'd Power
Warp the Dependent Will, to crooked Reasonings ;
Loose, as the Bribes, that bought 'em.

CASSIUS.

—*Voices, Cæsar !*

Are, sometimes, sold—where *Hands* retain their Liberty.

CÆSAR.

True---Angry *Cassius !*—But, the *Head*, misguiding,
Hands will mistake the Mark, and wound *Themselves*.
How soon have you forgot *Pharsalia's* Field ?

CASSIUS.

Fortune decided, *there*.—At *Rome*, 'tis *Law*,

CÆSAR.

Fortune decided strangely *Caius Cassius !*

If I, by having conquer'd, must obey,

And you, from being beaten, claim *Command !*

ANTONY. (*rising with Emotion.*)

After such fierce, unveil'd, presumptuous Menace,
Rome must forget, *forever*, to obey,

Or *Cæsar*, *once*, to pardon.

CÆSAR. (*to Cassius.*)

—*Cassius*, it grieves me,

That Thou compell'st a Sentence, too severe, (*rises*)

Since Mercy serves but to excite Offence,

And Bounty spurs Ingratitude—be—*safe*.—

Sunk, to the Shelter of a wrong'd Man's *Pity*,

Too feeble to provoke.—Escape Revenge.

(*comes forward*)

BRUTUS.

A TRAGEDY. 19

BRUTUS (*holding him.*)

Call it no Crime, to apprehend Distress!
If Liberty offends, and Truth grows Treason,
Thank Heaven, the most dejected Slave, on Earth,
Holds Priviledge to *die*.—But *Cæsar* frowns!
Note it, attentive Gods! and wake, for Freedom!
Imperial *Cæsar* frowns!—*Rome's* Master frowns—
That Opposition speaks uncourtly Truth.

(*turning to go.*)

CÆSAR.

No more.—The Rest, when in full *Senate*, met:—
Till then, farewell.— [*Exeunt Senators.*]
—Stay *Consul*,—*Brutus*—*stay*.

SCENE VII.

CÆSAR. BRUTUS. ANTONY.

CÆSAR.—(*after a long Look, fix'd earnestly upon Brutus,*

Maxims, inhuman, fierce, and blind, like Thine,
Disgrace a Freeman's Name. (*Brutus turns to go*)

—Stay, I command Thee;
Return, rash Man--- and know---'tis *Cæsar*, calls.

BRUTUS. (*returning.*)

All my adhering Heart feels *Cæsar*, King,
Leave but *Rome's* Senate free, devoted *Brutus*
Shall rest thy willing Slave.--

CÆSAR.

Proud, as Thou art
Of Liberty, thou hast not learnt, that Freedom,
Beyond all Yokes, hates, most, this Yoke of *Prejudice*,

D 2

That

20 ROMAN REVENGE.

That makes Men Slaves, at *Soul*.--THINK freely, *Brutus*
And let us argue, like unbias'd *Romans* :

Thou talk'st of Rights --*Rome's* Rights :--are not the
People

The assembled People ; *ROME* ? Is not Law *Theirs* ?
Counsel, that, not complied with, would *compell*,
Turns Law to *Tyranny*.

BRUTUS.

Shall *Tumult* reign ?

Shall high-born *Senates* serve, and Groundlings govern ?

CÆSAR.

No.---Mark the *Senate's* Bounds---and mark the
People's :

Forefight, and Guardian Care, and weigh'd Advice.
Debated Means, and Remedies propos'd,

These and these *only*, are the *SENATE's* Rights :

Propounded Laws accepted, or refus'd,

This is the *PEOPLE's* Claim : and *both* are *Rome*.

BRUTUS.

Thanks to the Gods, *Rome* boasts some Patriots, still.

CÆSAR.

Yes---grasping Hopes undue and check'd of Aim,

Patriots, in Aid of Vengeance ! they combine,

To clog the Wheels, they can no longer guide :

Hiding low--self, behind the Public Cause,

They Murmur, till they purchase private Ease,

Then, License General Pain, to curse Mankind.

BRUTUS.

Held not the *Senate* Scale most Weight, in *Rome* ?

CÆSAR.

A TRAGEDY.

21

CÆSAR.

Rome felt it, *Brutus*—till my Arms relive'd her.

BRUTUS.

He, who, by Arms, rules Freeman, teaches Slaves—
By Arms, to rule that Ruler.

CÆSAR.

Trust a try'd Sword.

BRUTUS.

Curse its bold Use---in any Hand, but *Cæsar's*,
When, to the vulgar Herd, it levels Nobles,
Born, to be Great—and mixes Hinds with *Consuls*.

CÆSAR.

Born did'st thou say?—mark, how thy partial Pride,
Barring the Gates of Hope, wou'd shut out Merit!
No Man was ever *Born*, but *form'd* to Greatness:
Who, but aspiring--Hinds--were--*Rome's* first Fathers?
Unvulgar Spirit rais'd their Deeds to Fame,
And, thence, unvulgar *Reverence* mark'd 'em *Noble*.

—But, in our Hands, diminish'd Honour Shrinks
To bare *Degree*,—and shames the Rights of *Rank*.
Heaven!--what a difference 'twixt *Old Rome*, and *Ours*?
Our first fam'd Ancestors gave worth---to Blood:—
We, from a worthless *Birth*, wou'd steal Distinction.
Pensions, with us, take Place:--with them, 'twas Virtue.
Our Av'rice Plunders Friends: Their conquering Bounty
Took nothing, ev'n from Foes—but Power of Insult.

BRUTUS.

Grant us less worthy; still Their Claims are Ours:
And Sons, who basely quit their Father's Rights,
Deserve to live, like Slaves—or die, like Traitors.

CÆSAR.

ROMAN REVENGE

CÆSAR.

Fie!--let us Blush, to name our Father's Right's,
Who leave their Claim to Honesty, *forgot!*

BRUTUS.

Oft, in sunk States, when Power presumes, on *Vice*,
New Crimes call out new *Virtues*.

CÆSAR.

Rome's new Virtues

Match her new Maxims: Mark their Grandeur, *Brutus*
Active, in other's Industry, we build,— (Glory:
Race, Game, Dress, Dance, Feast, and drink deep, for
Ours are the *Tastes* of Life: Let *humbler States*
Learn its lean *Duties*:—We, to lighten Joy,
Have, elegantly painless! cast off Care:—
Hunger, and Thirst, and loose Desires—anticipate:
Posponing nothing—but Thought, Fame, and Justice.
Vallies we teach to rise: O'er levell'd Hills
Stretch the tir'd Sight:—But, inward turn no Eye:
Ourselves the darkest Part of our own Prospect.
Well-say they, *Rome* is chang'd,—'Tis chang'd, indeed!
Women are chang'd to Men,—and Men to Women.
Anger has chang'd its Mark:—*Roman's* shock *Roman's*,
Yet, tame to *Parthian* Insults, hold back Vengeance,
That Robbers may have Rest,—and Bribery Leisure.

ANTONY.

To Sons of Faction, screen'd but by *Rome's Crimes*,
Why name we *Roman Virtues*?

BRUTUS.

—On *Thy Voice*

Dwells Eloquence, that make ev'n Error charming,
O, too persuasive *Cæsar*!—But Thou, *Antony*,

Shalt

A TRAGEDY. 23

Shalt know, that, when fall'n *Rome's* degenerate *Consuls*
Live,—a King's Slaves,—*Brutus* shall die—a *Roman*;

Y M O T K A [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

CÆSAR. ANTONY.

ANTONY. (*after a Pause.*)

Now, Cæsar! what deserve such *Romans*?

CÆSAR. (*after a short Pause.*)
——Freedom.

ANTONY.

They are *too free*, who treat their *Friends*, with Insult,

CÆSAR.

If Man were plac'd above the Reach of Insult.

To Pardon, were no Virtue:—Think, warm *Antony*,

What Mercy is——'Tis daring to be wrong'd,

Yet, unprovok'd by Pride, persist in Pity.

ANTONY.

Power, that endures Contempt, *invites* Rebellion,

CÆSAR.

Dream not, that Moderation weakens Power:

The heart-felt Sovereign smiles, at Faction's Rage;

And those malignant Men, who hate unjustly,

We punish most, when we are most lov'd.

ANTONY.

What Prince, who was not *fear'd*, was, ever, safe?

CÆSAR.

Only, in War, he should be *fear'd*.—In Peace, be
honour'd Antony.

ANTONY.

Even Self-defence requires, at least, that bloody *Cassius*
fall.

CÆS.

24 ROMAN REVENGE.

CÆSAR.

Why shou'd I strike the *Weak*, who cannot wound me?

ANTONY.

Punish the guilty *Will*, that dar'd *imagine*.

CÆSAR.

So *Minions* teach *tame* Kings, to merit *Hate*.

ANTONY.

Where Kings suspect,—*preventing*, they secure.

CÆSAR.

Scorn to *suspect*, where thou woud'st scorn to *fear*.

Nor waste, on ev'ry slight and weak Offence,

The *Dignity* of Vengeance.—I will, anon,

Trust *Brutus* with his Birth : Nature must move him.

If not—I leave him to the Gods, and Time.

ANTONY.

Shall he *oppose*, yet, *wear* his Father's Crown?

CÆSAR.

Shou'd Life allot me Hope, to stretch *Rome's* Soul

To Latitude for Liberty—'twere more

Than Empire, to restore her.—If the Task,

Hard, and extensive, calls for lengthening Years,

While, in untimely Hour, I, distant, die,

Brutus, by this last Light, will judge my Purpose.

(gives a Paper.)

ANTONY.

Long may the Gods, preserving *Cæsar's* Life,

Protect his Purposes, from Care, not *Cæsar's*.

CÆSAR.

Life has too short a Reach, for long *Désighs* :

And, oft, the Fruit not ripe, the Tree declines :

No Help unneedful, Man shou'd *all* pursue,

Lest Time slide from him,—and his Hopes die, too.

End of the First Act.

A TRAGEDY.

25



A C T. II.

S C E N E I.

A Room in Cæsar's House. Two Chairs plac'd: Calphurnia, Flavia.

CALPHURNIA.

GO, *Flavia*;—spread Enquiry through the Palace;
While I, prolonging Time, by every Art
Of apprehensive Love, hold *Cæsar*, fix'd
In Conference, till slow *Torbilius* comes:
Fittest Reporter of his own sad Tale,
To force Belief, and fire reluctant Vengeance.

CÆSAR. (*without*)

Where is this bosom Counsellor of *Cæsar*?

CALPHURNIA.

Fly—find *Torbilius*:—when he comes, touch soft
My Silver Bell, that the known Sound may war me.
[*Exit Flavia.*]

CÆSAR.

Tis past, *Calphurnia*.—The try'd Faction's hatred
Repell'd obtruded Candor.

CALPHURNIA.

Shun thy Forgiveness!

CÆSAR.

Men, of contracted Views, distrust kind Meanings;
For, no Heart credits, what it cannot feel.
What frightful Story has my Dreamer, now?

E

CAL-

26 ROMAN REVENGE.

CALPHURNIA.

A sad, and dreadful Truth.—No Dream—No Doubting :
He, whose dire Property the Secret rests,
Guardian of *Cæsar's* Life, demands his Ear.
For me—I cou'd but speak my Fears, and Follies.

CÆSAR

Follies have Charms, when Fears, like thine, are follies:
Man may draw Profit, then, from Woman's Weakness :
And, in one tender Wife's mistaking Faith,
Find Recompence, for every Friend, that's false.

(they sit.)

CALPHURNIA

Can there be Rest, in Danger?

CÆSAR.

Sure! There shou'd not:

CALPHURNIA.

Why is Ambition, then, too hard' for Peace?
Why, always busy, to be never blest,
Does restless *Cæsar* sacrifice, unthank'd,
The Taste, the Quiet, the *Serene*, of Life,
For an ungrateful World, that hates his Bounty?

CÆSAR.

'Tis the great Mind's *expected* Pain, *Calphurnia*
To Labour for the Thankless :—He, who seeks
Reward in Ruling, makes Ambition Guilt :
And, living for *Himself*, disclaims Mankind.

CALPHURNIA.

Alas!—the Friend to *All* obliges none.

CÆSAR.

'Tis nobler to protect Mankind, than please.

CALPHURNIA

A TRAGEDY.

CALPHURNIA.

Is it a Crime, when Virtue loxes *itself*?

CÆSAR.

Princes shou'd *widen* self : — Their Power, and Heart,
Alike Receptive, must make room for *All* :

'Tis theirs, to Sigh, for every Sufferer's Woe ;

Lend their own Joys, that others may be glad :

Think ev'n for unborn Ages ; and transmit

Blessings unshar'd — and quiet, not their own.

CALPHURNIA.

Virtues, so rais'd, as these, but waste their Warmth,

And shine, unfelt, in *Rome*. — The Vulgar Eye

Sees, by its own low Level : — As Men *ass*,

They *judge* : and, by corrupt Self-Interest weigh'd,

Goodness, *like* Heaven's, wou'd seem Self-Interest, too.

CÆSAR.

No Matter. — Virtue Triumphs, by Neglect :

Vice, while it darkens, lends but *Foil*, to Brightness :

And juster Times, removing Slander's Veil,

Wrong'd Merit, after Death, is help'd to live.

CALPHURNIA.

Can present Pain be cur'd, by future Ease ?

CÆSAR.

Who wou'd not, once, look dim, to shine, for ever ?

CALPHURNIA.

How happy is it for a Wife, who *loves*,

When *lowlier* Prospects bound her Lord's Desires,

And Home-felt Quiet fills his peaceful Heart !

Why wou'd you be a *King* ? — wait, till some King

Aspires, to be a *Cæsar* : — Lend not Envy

28 ROMAN REVENGE.

New Props to lean against : This threat'ning Name
Beats on the *Roman's* unaccustom'd Ear,
Like a black Storm—and blasts the Hope of Liberty.

CÆSAR.

Never, henceforth, disturb thy gentle Breast,
With false Forebodings, from a regal Toy !
Know me above its Want :—beyond its Glory :
Given, tho' unheld, It meets the Parthian Prophecy ;
Bids the rous'd Legion's superstitious Hearts
Resume lost Ardor :—and sure Victory's, *Theirs*.

CALPHURNIA.

Tho' *Parthia* fell, there's a *Patrician* Envy,
That, never quench'd, burns but with fiercer Blaze,
From each new Proof, that Old Injustice wrong'd thee :
Think of those Midnight Haunters of my Fancy !
Think, how I saw thee bleed, at every Vein :
While, at each spouting Stream, a murderous *Roman*
Stain'd his extended Arm, and roar'd for Liberty.
Cassius !—stern *Cassius* !—

(*Starting up*)

—Blast him, Heaven !—methinks,
I see him, *there*,—full, in my Eyes, he glares !
Pale, in the horrid Transport of his Vengeance ;
And, dreadfully, enjoys the ghastly Scene !—(*Kneels.*)
Oh ! grant thyself, to *live* : Grant sad *Calphurnia*
That Prayer :—She begs it, but for *Rome*, and Nature.

CÆSAR.

Why wilt thou kneel ?—What could'st thou ask, in vain !

CALPHURNIA.

Death—instant Death, to that malignant *Cassius* !

CÆSAR.

A TRAGDY. 29

CÆSAR.

Since thou were't first my Wife, I never saw thee
Cruel, till this strange Moment!—Dovelike gentle,
Healing Compassion sooth'd thy Heart, to Softness:
And, on thy sparkling Eye, sat weeping Mercy.

CALPHURNIA.

'Tis Mercy, to Mankind, to punish Villains.

CÆSAR.

Rise: and relieve me, from this new Distress.

(Bell rings without.)

CALPHURNIA. *(Rising.)*

I will:—And thou shalt owe to Woman's Fear
A Safety, manly Confidence had lost Thee.

CÆSAR.

How art thou heated, by an idle Dream,
To strike at fancied Guilt, with real Anger!

CALPHURNIA.

The Wife of *Cæsar* wrongs not, even his Foes.

Flavia! Lucilia! here—who waits, without?

(Enter a Lady.)

The Man, with whom I held Discourse, this Morning!
Bid him Re-enter.

[Exit Lady.]

CÆSAR.

Who!—*What* Man is this?

CALPHURNIA.

Torbilius—the low're Satirist:—Thy Enemy.—

CÆSAR.

No Enemy of mine—if Wit's his Friend.

CALPHURNIA.

Once, when condemn'd, for libelling my *Cæsar*,

T,

30 ROMAN REVENGE:

Thy all-permitting Mercy, not alone
 Forgave—but, had him claim distinguish'd Bounty,
 Till Wit, misled, cou'd find the way to Judgment.

CÆSAR.

I know him not:—What canst thou hope, Calphurnia,
 From these *flight* Men?—So bold, yet, blind of Soul,
 That Wit, with them, supplies the Place of Virtue;
 And, censuring others Faults, absolves their own.

CALPHURNIA.

Staying, when *Portia* went, his trembling Gratitude,
 Pray'd Audience, in a Cause, that touch'd the Life
 Of threaten'd *Cæsar*:—For the Rest, he comes:
 Let his own Tongue retrate the horrid Tale.

SCENE II.

CÆSAR, CALPHURNIA, TORBILIUS.

TORBILIUS,

Hail, *Cæsar*! more than Victor!—Common Conquerors
 Vanquish but Power: *Cæsar* subdues the Will.

CÆSAR.

Why dost thou flatter!—Stranger to my Passions,
 Whence wou'd thy Skill presume, to judge my Virtue?
 Take heed, thou sell'st not Praise, to purchase Scorn!
Encomium is a bold, and dange'rous Province!
 It calls for Reason:—Slander asks but Rage:
 Who art Thou?—what is thy Pretence, in *Rome*?

TORBILIUS.

Touch'd by the *Muse's* Love, I, there, indulge
 The tuneful Transports of Satiric Fire:
Rome is a fruitful Field, for *Themes*, like mine!
 And *Brutus*, wit's kind Patron! loves my Verse.

CÆSAR.

A TRAGEDY.

CÆSAR.

Where Wit wants Patronage, a State wants Wisdom.
Keen, tho' the Darts, by angry Genious thrown,
The Wise can Guide 'em, while the Base *Restrain* :
Satire, in honest Hands, is Murmuring Virtue :
And He, who fears its *Hiss*, deserves its *Sting*.
Yet, tis a dangerous, and malignant, Good !
Tho' Freedom's Property, 'tis Faction's Spoil.
Where justly bold, 'tis Reason's manliest Impulse :
Where blindly virulent, 'tis Wit's Disease.
Think, and distinguish :—Are thy Censures *weigh'd* ?
Dost thou Proportion Anger, to its Cause ?

TORBILIUS.

Had I done that, I had not wrong'd thy Name :
I was *not* just :—For, I was *Cæsar's* Foe.—
Can *Cæsar* have forgot *Torbilius' Asper* ?

CÆSAR.

Why wonder'st thou at that ? —For my own Sake,
My *Friend* imprints Remembrance ;—but my *Foe*,
For *His*, shou'd be FORGOTTEN.

TORBILIUS.

Generous *Cæsar*,

Forgetting *me*, forgets the Guilt he pardon'd,
And Claims not his own Virtues !

CÆSAR.

Roman ! learn

To measure Truth, more justly :—*Benefits*,
From their Receiver only, claim Remembrance :
He, who bestows, and not forgets—*resumes*—*em*

TORBILIUS.

Perish the Memory, and the Man, together,
When I forget such Greatness—

CAL-

CALPHURNIA.

Spare thy Words:—

And hasten to disclose thy Thanks, in Action.

CÆSAR.

What know'st Thou, that deserv'd Attention, here?

TORBILIUS.

Cassius, whose Love of *Rome*, is Hate of *Cæsar*,

Lifts an implicit Clap of warm Resenters:

Men, who, with dim Discernment, tracing Liberty,

Plunge headlong in Sedition.—Among these,

He stoop'd his active Bribe'ry, ev'n to me:

Courting my humble Aid, to influence *Brutus*,

Whose Name, and Power, might Mask the Face of

Murder.

CÆSAR.

Whom would they Murder?

TORBILIUS.

—*Rome's* last Hope, in *Cæsar*.

CALPHURNIA.

Now, *Cæsar*! now, am I an idle Dreamer?

CÆSAR.

Does *Brutus* know this Purpose?

TORBILIUS.

—Yet he does not:

And *Cæsar*, still, might guard the generous Heart

Of his belov'd: And save him, from the Vile.

All Flatter'y's full-try'd Power Unites, to shake him;

That done, the Tempter ply's his Master Engine;

Draws him, this Day, to meet the assassin Faction;

Then—but that Heaven defends Thee—join'd by *Brutus*,

Th' encourag'd Murderers strike:—not join'd *farbear*.

CÆSAR.

A TRAGEDY. 33

CÆSAR.

If *Cæsar's* Death must wait, till *Brutus* strikes,
His Life wou'd prove immortal!—Men, of Heat,
Like *Cassius*, torture their distemper'd Reason,
To Act their Passion's Impulse:—*Brutus* weighs
Desire's warm Pleas, in the cool Scale of Justice:
Finds Force, in Other's Claims, against *Himself*,
And loves the Virtue, that condemns him.

CALPHURNIA.

Go on, *Torbilius*!—Set, in *Cæsar's* View,
What *Cassius* loves; and Point us out *His* Virtues.

CÆSAR.

It shall not need:—He stands condemn'd, already.

CALPHURNIA. (*Joyfully.*)

To what condemn'd?

CÆSAR.

Condemn'd to live, *Calphurnia*.

CALPHURNIA.

What! and not tortur'd?

CÆSAR.

—Pride's severest Rack

Is that sharp *Mercy*, which descends from *Scorn*.
Think it a Fault, to fear these choleric Praters:
Their hot, slight, Threat'nings waste themselves, in
And rail away Revenge, to gradual Peace: (*Slander*;
But, there's a cold, slow, silent, patient Malice,
That carries *Mischief* with it!—Such a Soul,
As *Brutus* Acts by——had it *Will*, for Murder:
Cool, in its govern'd Hate, might call for Cruelty.—
What read'st Thou?

F

TOR

34 ROMAN REVENGE.

TORBILIUS.

—Silent Summoners, to Murder :

These *Cassius* Causes to be dropt, with Art,
Where *Brutus* must be sure to find, and read 'em.

CALPHUREIA.

What wiles has Malice !

CÆSAR.

Poor, and petty, *Crafts* !

They want but my Regard, to lend 'em *Weight*.

(Returning the Paper.)

Torbilius, meet 'em :—and, with strictest Note,
Mark, what Impression *Cassius* makes on *Brutus*.
All, Thou canst learn of *That*, be swift to bring me ;
And trust the Claims of Gratitude, to *Cæsar*.

TORBILIUS.

The grateful make no *Claims*.—A mindful Debtor
Pays—not *obliges* :—Never met, in one,
The *Poet*, and the *Miser* :—The same Fire,]
That sparkles, in his Fancy's native Blaze,
Glows, at his honest *Heart* ; and burns out Baseness :
True Genius will not—cannot; stoop to Bribes :
And He, who sells his *Passions*, ne're had Wit,—
Or had it, for a Curse, unmix'd with Judgment.

CÆSAR.

'Tis nobly said ;—and, with a warmth, that only
Suspected Virtue feels.—Henceforth, be *mine* :
On modest Merit, not to force Reward,
Were to *degrade* Supremacy.

CALPHURNIA.

Where meet They ?

TOR-

A TRAGEDY.

35

TORBILIUS.

In the cool *Grot*, behind the *Platan Grove*;
There *Brutus*, oft alone, and oft with Friends,
Steals an unbused Hour, for reasoning deeply:
Or, in free Mirth, dilates the slack'ning Soul.

CALPHURNIA,

What was the appointed *Time*?

TORBILIUS.

The fatal Choice,
Yet doubtful, must depend alone on *Brutus*.
Some Three Hours, hence, I look to find 'em met.

CALPHURNIA.

Go, good *Torbilius*.—Wait within my Call:
For I shall Try thy Faith in *Cæsar's* Cause.

[Exit *Torbilius*]

SCENE III.

CÆSAR, CALPHURNIA.

CALPHURNIA.

I am alarm'd. for *Brutus*!

CÆSAR.

Doubt him not:

CALPHURNIA.

Is he *ambitious*?

CÆSAR.

No,—but he is *vain*.

CALPHURNIA.

Then, beyond Hope, he's lost.—Ambitious Men
Lead, and discern—but vain Ones follow, blind.

CÆSAR.

Thou hast contagious Power, in that Suspicion:

F 2

Great

36 ROMAN REVENGE.

Great Minds, on some unguarded Quarter, *weak*,
Find their try'd Virtue, *there*, sublimely frail:
Were *Cassius artful*!—Had his Malice, *Coldneſs*,
—Cou'd he firſt *praiſe*,—and, then, attack, where
warmest,

The Public-hearted *Brutus*.

CALPURNIA.

Nay he does;

'Tis from that Point, he levels all his Aim.—
Who knows not *Brutus* proud!—and Flattery's Art
Sets Pride at work, to ſap her own Foundation:
And pull down Character, to build up Name.

CÆSAR.

Then, *Cassius* merits my regard:—and dies:
Light; in *himſelf*, he, yet, deserves but Scorn:
Awak'ning Danger, in corrupted *Brutus*,
He makes his own rais'd Miſchief worth Revenge.

CALPURNIA.

But, can I truſt a Doubt, like this, to chance?
Th' unſure Converſion of a raſh Man's Spleen?
Who knows, but, feigning Penitence, *Torbilius*
Courts you to Confidence, he would betray?
No.—It ſhall ne'er be ſaid, that *Cæſar's Wife*
Left *Cæſar's* Safety, to Another's Faith.
She, who, too lightly weighs a Huſband's Danger,
Takes Arms, at Heart, againſt him.

CÆSAR.

Trust *Torbilius*,

He will deſerve thy Faith:—Reflecting Minds,
By Gratitude once gain'd, relapſe no more.

CALPURNIA

A TRAGEDY.

37

CALPHURNIA.

Thus will I *sound* his Purpose:—then, confide.—

Portia, this Morning, press'd a *Visit*, from me:

Oft, thro' her Garden's private Gate, unmark'd,

Ent'ring alone, that *Grot*, invites my Notice:

There, silently conceal'd, where Art-form'd Rocks

Lend jutting Umbrage to the *cavy* Screen,

I *hear*, what *Cassius* moves:—What *Brutus* yields;

This, if the *Satrist* dissuades:—he's *false*:

This, if he aids, *Calphurnia* judges *Cassius*:

And *Life*, or *Death*, be His, as justice Dooms.

CÆSAR.

In Love, and Anger, Woman's Will is *deaf*;

I know, thy gen'rous Purpose is too firm,

To let my Fears for *Thee*, forbid this Danger.

Yet, while, in Dread of mine, thou dar'st thus rashly,

Be it my Care to interpose, in Thine.

Curio, the *Tribune*, with a Guard, must wait *Thee*.

CALPHURNIA.

Their Number will detect me.

CÆSAR.

No,—let *Torbilius*,

Singly, and slow, unnotic'd, introduce 'em;

Thro' the lone Postern, that adjoins the Grove.

CALPHURNIA.

Bless the kind Thought!—And now, shou'd Murder dare

One *Glance*, at thy dear Bosom, bloody *Cassius*

Shall, on the guilty Spot, that Moment *die*.

CÆSAR.

Spare thy disorder'd Heart.—*Cassius* is hasty!

But

But, *Brutus* shall with mild Reproof, reduce
The Madman's Rage, and shame him into Safety.
I dread to arm Thee.—Prejudice is rash.—

CALPHURNIA.

Have I been *subject*, then, to rash Impressions?

CÆSAR.

Thy Reason, I cou'd trust—but not thy Anger :
Religion's Curb, in Heart's, like Thine, binds surest :
Swear, by some sacred Tye.—

CALPHURNIA.

Hear me, *whole Heaven* !

By *Rome's* rais'd Fate !—By her Forefather's God's !
By awful *Vesta's* unexpiring Flame !
By *Venus*; Mother of thy Race, o' *Cæsar* !
If Treason leaves but Time to reach thy Ear,
E're Danger catch thy Life—*Cassius* shall live, [gance
To learn his Doom from Thee.—and 'scape my Ven-

CÆSAR.

See ! the concurring Gods have sent Thee *Curio* !

SCENE IV.

CÆSAR, CALPHURNIA, CURIO.
CURIO.

Shouts, from impatient Crowds, demand a King ;
And royal *Cæsar* glads the Streets of *Rome*.

CÆSAR. (*after writing in a Table-Book.*

Curio !—Joy's flattering Sounds are loud Deceivers :—
Calphurnia's busy Fears have trac'd a Traitor,
Born to high Rank, and fam'd for Arms, and Envy.
Go, with due Strength ; guard thou the Wife of *Cæsar* :
And

A TRAGEDY.

39

And, if this *Blank*, that, now, conceals his *Name*,
Fill'd, by *her* Hand, points out the guilty *Roman*,
Weigh *Cæsar's* Life, with *His*:—and be this *Warrant*
Thy Sword's *Authority*, to do me Right.

(giving the Table-Book to Curio.)

CURIO.

Where e're your Danger warrant's me to strike,
If Treason 'scape my Sword—let Flight in War,
Want—and eternal Infamy, Revenge,
The Cause of *Cæsar*, on his Soldier's Name!

CÆSAR.

Marc *Antony* return'd!

CALPHURNIA.

Curio! thy Ear.—

SCENE V.

CÆSAR, ANTONY.

ANTONY.

All is prepar'd;—pale *Cassius* Looks, still paler:
And starts at every *Shout*, that Shakes the *Forum*:
Never, henceforth, let Noise be call'd Sedition:
Rome's public Mouth outroars a hundred *Senates*:
One loud Consent unites her grateful Tribes,
And *Parthia's* Fall takes Date, from *Cæsar's* Crown.

CÆSAR.

Join'd *Brutus*, in that Voies.—

ANTONY.

No Roman hop'd it!

Reserves, they know, must guard the *Stoick's* Gravity:
What sower Solemnity of Look, like *His*,

Stoops

40 ROMAN REVENGE.

Stoops a loft *Smile*, to grace *Plebeian Lightness* !
Men, who can *laugh*, as I do—jovial Thinkers !
Fram'd for their Ease, and born, to hate Affliction !
See Things, but as they *are* ! void of the *Wit*,
That hunts for cover'd Anguish ! long, sound Sleepers !
Dull, satisfied, glad Rogues ! they trust their Senses,
Love their Friend's, *best*: and wish, but what they want,
Brutus is deep :—dives farther into Bliss—
Shakes his superior Brow, and *pities* Fools,
Who dare be *happy*, against Rules of Policy,

C Æ S A R.

Where could'st thou find him, now ?

A N T O N Y.

Immur'd, at Home,
Sagely despising his good Lords,—the People :—
And shutting *Cæsar's* Triumph, from his Ear.

C Æ S A R.

Take this Occasion, *Antony*, to visit him ;
Bid his wish'd Presence grace thy publick Zeal !
If he declines it, sting him, to Resentment :
Watch, in that Warmth of Heart. what Thoughts
escape him ;
Sound the dark Depth of his Designs ;—and tell him,
That to the Capitol, thou mean'st to bring me :
Rome's Crown, by Freemen given to guard their Liberty,

A N T O N Y.

How noisy is that *Nothing* ! All its Virtue
Dwells in its Sound :—It means but covered Tyranny,

C Æ S A R.

Ever distinguishing Substances, from Sound :

There

A TRAGEDY. 41

There is in Liberty, what God's approve ;
 And only Men, *like* Gods, have Taste, to share.
 There is in Liberty, what Pride perverts,
 To serve Sedition, and perplex Command :
True Liberty leaves all Things free, ——— but Guilt ;
 And fetters every Thing, — but Art and Virtue.
False Liberty holds nothing bound, but *Power*,
 And lets loose every Tye, that strengthens Law.

ANTONY.

Cæsar, in Science, as in Power, Supream,
 Calls Lustre, out of Darkness ! ——— But to *Me*,
 What seems most strange, of Faction's strange Effects,
 Is, that among those Crowds, she tempts to Mischief,
 I see *good* Men, belov'd for every Virtue !
 Blindly misdrawn, to *hate* the peace they wish.

CÆSAR.

Boast fully blind, a Bigot's Proof is *Trust* ;
 Faultless in Purpose, yet — his Choice unjust !
 Active, that erring Zeal may Truth invade,
Enthusiast Pride obtrudes her blinding Aid.
 Fierce to the Field, keen Disputants she draws,
 Implicit Props of some unreasoning Cause !
 Th' absur'd Reformer *Order* overthrows,
 And works up Discord — for the World's *Repose* !
 Jealous of Enemies, disquiets Friends,
 Groans, without Wound ; and without Fruit, contends.
 Wildly sincere ! unprevailently strong !
 Struggling for Right ——— and introducing Wrong :

End of the Second Act.

THEATRA

G

A C T



ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Grand Apartment in the House of Brutus.

BRUTUS, ANTONY.

BRUTUS.

URGE it no more—I am fix'd.

ANTONY.

Think wifelier *Brutus*

BRUTUS.

Consul! when bold Oppression grapples Law,
Men, who protect the Oppressor, stab the State.

ANTONY.

Men, who so roughly dare Mischarge their *Lord*,
Pretending Liberty, pursue but Pride.

BRUTUS.

Cæsar, however rais'd, is less than *Lord*.

ANTONY.

Cæsar however wrong'd, is more than Friend:
Even Gratitude has made *Respect*, a Duty:

Present, or absent Thou—the Tribes will crown him.

BRUTUS.

Crown? whom?

ANTONY.

One, whom if *Brutus* knew but rightly,

BRUTUS.

I fear I do!

ANTONY.

A TRAGEDY.

43

ANTONY.

No— if you did, you'd tremble.

BRUTUS.

I have already, trembled *Antony* !
Trembled—to hear a *Roman* tempt a *Roman*,
And dare corrupt a Patrsot, yet unfold !

ANTONY.

Corrupt, I wou'd not.——All I wou'd, I dare.

BRUTUS.

The basely bold shou'd learn, to dread the Just.

ANTONY.

When *Brutus* bids me dread—I hear and Smile.

BRUTUS.

Smile on your *King* : Flattery was made for Thrones.
The rough, wrong'd *Roman* frowns, with honest scorn.

ANTONY.

Brutus, I rev'rence *Firmness* ; but despise
Th' Hypocrisy of Envy ! I have a heart,
That being human, feels for humankind.

I tow're not to the Gods :——Virtue, once rais'd
Above Compassion, ceases to be Virtue :
Aiming at more than *Man*, thou sink'st to less.

BRUTUS.

I wou'd be less than *King*; and more than *Slave*.

ANTONY.

Farewell :——rash Zealots blindly grow unjust ;
And Pride inflexible,, and deaf, as Thine,
Professing Virtue, make's ev'n Virtue hateful.

[Exit.]

44 ROMAN REVENGE

SCENE II.

BRUTUS (*alone.*) [Soul

Heaven! what a Change in *Rome*!—breathe these *her*
 Oh! griev'd *Quirinus*! what Reproach were Thine,
 Did not thy fellow Gods disdain to note us!
Rome has no Remnant, now, of *Roman* Greatness:
 Sold, or seduced, we give up Claim by Claim,
 Till even our Virtues are engros'd by *Cæsar*!
 O, Souls of long lost Glory! *Fabii*! *Decii*
 O, all ye *Pompey's*! *Scipio's*! *Cato's*! hear me!
 Re-kindle, in my Breast, your patriot Lights:
 And live, once more in *Brutus*!—fill this Heart,
 With *Cæsar's* Fire—but, let it flame, for *Rome*.

SCENE III.

BRUTUS, TORBILIUS

BRUTUS.

Torbilius! Thou intrud'st on my Retirement:
 The Muse, and my sad Heart are, now, not social.

TORBILIUS.

Cassius approaches.—*There's* a Name, indeed,
 Unsocial!—Every *Muse* wou'd start, to hear it.

BRUTUS.

Thou wrong'st him.—*Cassius* is a noble *Roman*.

TORBILIUS.

There is a *Jaundice*, in thy Judgment, *Brutus*,
 That lends him Golden Colour, from thy own:
 I know him, to the Soul,—Have founded all
 The Shallows of his Envy;—and I cou'd,
 But that an *Oath*, injoin'd, has bound my Tongue,

Convince

Convince thee, that he dares assault thy *Honour* ;
And plots, to blast thee to the World, for ever.

BRUTUS.

Who bound thee, by such Oath ?

TORBILIUS.

Calphurnia's Piety.

BRUTUS.

What had *Calphurnia's Piety* to do
With Plots ? and Oaths ? and Secrecy ? and *Brutus* ?

TORBILIUS.

Earnest, *herself*, to warn endanger'd *Brutus*
With Consequence, she fear'd, my Words might lose,
She claims your instant Ear :—Be swift——incline it,
Shun the too near Approach of *Cassius*, hither :
And, hast'ning to the House of *Cæsar*, weigh,
What her Wish forms, to guard thy Fame, and Virtue.

BRUTUS.

Thou art too bold, *Torbilius* :—Tell *Calphurnia*,
I, best, myself, defend my Honour's Claims :
And grasp, too hard, to need a *Woman's* Aiding.
Torbilius !—*Rome* has lost thee.—*Cæsar's* Bounties
Have brib'd thy *Gratitude*, to slander *Honesty*.

TORBILIUS.

I am I known, where, most, my Heart lies open,
If, after all my rash Contempts of *Power*,
Brutus can doubt me *Venial* :—Yet, doubt on :
No undeserv'd Reproach adheres to Virtue.
No Matter what bold Slander wounds *Torbilius*, [ship
Where he, who Wrongs him, has the Rights of Friend-

BRUTUS.

I will not see *Calphurnia*.

TOR-

46 ROMAN REVENGE.

TORBILIUS.

Oh ! revoke those fatal Words, lest

BRUTUS.

By the Gods ! I will not ; till *Cassius*, and his Friends
have, first, been heard.

TORBILIUS.

Cassius is *Cæsar's* Enemy.

BRUTUS.

But I am *Brutus* ;—and thou know'st me *Cæsar's* Friend,
Let that Truth, known, content thee.

TORBILIUS.

———No.—It cannot:

Brutus not fearing, I must fear for *Brutus*.

Greatness of Soul, confiding in *itself*,
Exposes an unguarded Side, to Baseness.

BRUTUS.

What woud'st thou lead me to ?

TORBILIUS.

To one kind *Promise* :

I urge it but to *save* thee.—I conjure thee ;

By every Claim of long, untir'd Adherence !

By every Recompence, thou ow'st my Dangers !

By every grateful Sense of every Duty !

Love, Friendship, Reverence, Faith, Advice, and Ser-
Promise, whatever dire Result the Gods [vice]

Permit,——for *Cassius* comes on no light Errand !

Previous to any *Deed*, thy will may purpose,

To hear *my* Thoughts :—Intrust me with thy own ;

And teach my willing Hand, and Heart, to aid thee.

BRUTUS.

I see the strangely mov'd :—I will, by Heaven !

Intrust thee, unreserv'd, and seek thy Counsel.

TOR-

A TRAGEDY 47
TORBILIUS.

Bark on, ye Dogs of envy ! Bark, in vain :

Brutus is Safe, and Spotless [Exit Torbilius.]

BRUTUS. (*Alone.*)

~~— Caesar's Graces.~~

Win every Heart ! and no *Corruption's* Power

Out-bid the native Sweetness of his *Pity*.

SCENE IV.

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, DECIMUS,

CINNA, CASCA.

CASSIUS.

Hail ! death-devoted *Brutus* ! *Rome's last* Friend !

DECIMUS.

Guardian, in vain, of our expiring Liberty !

CASSIUS.

Caesar, To-morrow, marches hence, a *King*.

BRUTUS.

What are *Rome's* Prospects, then ?

CASSIUS.

Taxes, and Chains.

Brutus, farewell, for ever — (*Embracing.*)

— Life grows Shameful,]

Where Freedom is resign'd, and Man's a *Slave*.

BRUTUS.

Can *Cassius* feel Despair ?

CASSIUS.

When *Rome* Despairs.

DECIMUS.

When even her *Soul* — her *Brutus* ! — Breaths for *Caesar*.

CASSIUS.

No Force on Earth, but our unshaken Hearts

Held back this bold Invader.

DEC-

48 ROMAN REVENGE.

DECIMUS.

Caesar's too Wife,
To spare our Lives, who live,—to shake his Throne.

CASSIUS.

Escaping us, he meets but *Men*:—Not *Romans*.

BRUTUS.

Oh! Honour, Virtue, and the Rights of *Law*!

CASSIUS.

'Tis *past*:—The *Laws have been*.—Honour, and Virtue
Are, now, the public Jest of pension'd Parasites:
Who *sell* Submission, and receive back—Scorn.

DECIMUS.

Rome, and the World are fall'n!—'tis *Caesar*, All!

CASSIUS.

All, that Six Hundred bleeding Years have gain'd,
Thrown, at one Cast, to *Caesar*!—Why had Times,
Like these, a *Brutus*?—Grac'd with fruitless Virtues?

BRUTUS.

If I have Virtues—*Why* shou'd They be *Fruitless*?

CASSIUS.

Join every Power, above?—To bless that Question!

DECIMUS.

Hear yen licentious Noise! (*Shouts at a Distance*)

BRUTUS.

—Curse the vile Sound!

'Tis Breath of Adulation! *Rome's* lost Gods
Expell'd!—And *Inferse* paid to human *Pride*!

(*Shouts again.*)

CASSIUS.

Again!—Those Shouts are Insult.

DECIMUS.

—*Kimber comes,*

And

A TRAGDY. 49.

And, if I read him Rightly, in his Look,
Caesar's Attempts succeeds;—for, see! he's Angry.

SCENE V.

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, DECIMUS,
 CINNA, CASCA, CIMBER,

CASSIUS.

Tell us, what *wou'd* they?

CIMBER.

—*Slavery*, they *wou'd*

BRUTUS.

Have we a *King*, in *Rome*?

CIMBER.

Have we a *Freeman*?

CASSIUS.

What call you *Caesar*?

BRUTUS.

Left, when he dares be *more*,

CIMBER.

Caesar high-seated, —Sovereign of the Slaves!
 Shone, from the Capitol, as who *wou'd* say,
 Make me a *God*, and *Rome* shall shake with Thunder;
 Up, from Ten Thousand bribe-attesting Throats,
 Flew purchas'd Gratulation: "Hail, Great *Caesar*!
 " *Rome's* dread Avenger!—Fate of punish'd *Parthia*!
 " Star of thy Country's Hope! And War's brave Gui-
 Timely, to cool this Madness, at its Height, [*Exit!*]
 So Heaven decreed it!—*Lo* Stalks *Away*;
 Blast him, deaf Genius of devoted *Rome*!
 A cushion'd *Crown*, and *Scepter*, sham'd his Hands:

H

Yet,

50 ROMAN REVENGE.

Yet, was his venal Eye fix'd bold, on *Cæsar*.
 Down sunk, at once, the Tempest of Applause;
 Hush'd, as a Coward, in his Midnight Bush,
 The sick'ning People flatter'd into Silence;
 He, midst a horrid Glare of wide-stretch'd Eyes,
 Unheeding, on his Master's Brow, fet, soft,
 The regal *Gew-gaw*:—Then, with abject Knee,
 Bent, for *instructive* Homage,——be a KING,
 He cry'd—and reign o'er *Rome*, that rules the *World*,
Cæsar, mean while, who watch'd the public Eye,
 And read Reluctance, Grief, and Terror, *there*;
 Starting indignant with well-acted Scorn,
 Hurl'd, from his Front, the *uninclining* Toy;
 And cry'd——“I am *not King*, my Friend—but *Cæsar*.”

BRUTUS.

O, Truth!—Beyond all Pride of kingly Greatness!

CIMBER.

Then, general Joy new-voic'd the gaping Prefs;
 And shook the distant Roofs, with loud Concurrence;
 Even *Antony*, then, blush'd.

CASSIUS.

——And did not *Cæsar*?

CIMBER.

Cæsar smil'd sweet *Contempt*:——And then, again,
 Th' unfeeling Fools, more charm'd, renew'd their
 Shouting:

I laugh'd, aloud: to mark him thanking *Rome*,

For *finding* Virtues in him, which he had not!

At length, disdainful of the hard Constraint,

Parting, he frown'd *Sincerity*.——The Rest

You'll learn, when I do.

BRUTUS.

A TRAGEDY.

51

BRUTUS.

What means That?

CIMBER.

—Anon,

The Senate sits.

BRUTUS.

What then?

CIMBER.

Why then, Six Hours

May pass, betwixt *his* pushing back the Crown;

And our exacted Votes, to bid him *take* it.

BRUTUS.

Holds he that Hope?

DECIMUS.

Yes: And who *helps* us?

CASSIUS.

—*Death.*

BRUTUS.

Death is, indeed, the Slave's last Hope:—but, he,

Who dares embrace that Help, might find a better.

CASSIUS.

While my doom'd Country had a Gasp for Life,

I struggled on, to *live*:—New, World, farewell!

No God sustain'd me, to *support* the State:

But, to *die*, with it, still, is left to Freedom.

To Heaven's imperial *Rome*, from *ours*, I go;

There, no bold *Cæsar* sways:—*There* *Pompey* serves!

No *Roman*, there, need blush to owne a *Master*:

Where even a *Cato* finds, and fears, a *Lord*!

These will I follow, thus. (*Drawing his Sword.*)

BRUTUS. (*Disarming him.*)

—Follow we none:

'Tis ours, to lend, not borrow, brave Example.

H 2

'Tis

32 ROMAN REVENGE.

'Tis ours; to stem the Tide of a bad World,
And justify to *Time* the *Roman* Greatness.
Much is to *Anger* due—but more to *Rome*.
Cato had died, unblam'd—first, killing *Cæsar* ;
But, turning on *himself*, his erring Sword,
He fell, *unjustly* :—For, he punish'd *Innocence*.

CASSIUS.

What *can* we, in a World, despairing, round us?

BRUTUS. (*Shewing a Ballet.*)

See ! What the Friends of Liberty expect !

See ! What they *hope* from *Romans* !

CASSIUS.

This Reproach

I, too, have met with :—And 'twas hard to bear !

BRUTUS.

Cassius !—'twas harder, far,——to have *deserv'd* it.

CIMBER.

Good *Talkers* might attract a *Gown-man's* Praise :

And had *Time* *Ears*—fine *Words* were *Marks* of *Wisdom* :

But lose this *Day*, no *Orator*, in *Rome*,

Must be admir'd, but *Cæsar*.

BRUTUS.

—Ere this *Day*

Yet passes,—Twenty *Tyrant's* *Fortunate*,

As ours—but never *Greatness* equall'd *Cæsar* !

Might expiate, with their *Lives*, their bold *Ambition*.

CIMBER.

Ay ! That's a Flower of Speech, *my* *Rhetoric* reaches !

CASSIUS.

Rome lives again ! She breath'd, in that rais'd Voice !

And

A TRAGEDY.

53

And *Brutus* has receiv'd her.—

DECIMUS.

—Fatal Name

To Tyrants!—*Brutus*, to assert his Race,
Speaks the dire Duty, which *We* dar'd but think.

CASSIUS.

My Friend has reconcil'd me to myself;—
If there is future *Glory* due to *Cassius*,
Brutus bestows it, all——BRUTUS! and ROME!
Flow mix'd, ye reverend Names! down Time's dark
By Ages emulating Ages, bless'd! (Stream)
Decimus! Cinna! Casca! Patriot's! Roman's!
Join your Sword's Aid: Obey this gener'ous Leader.
Live to approve, and to support his Vengeance;
And drive Dejection from the Heart of Virtue,

CIMBER.

All *Rome* will think, and Act, with *Roman Brutus*,

DECIMUS.

Born the Sustainers of patrician Honour,
Senates, despis'd, wou'd fall with double Shame,
Surviv'd, by their Despiser.—

CASSIUS.

—See a List,

Shinning with Names, of *Rome's* distinguish'd Sons!
Associates, All, to strike one Glorious Blow!

BRUTUS. (Taking the Paper)

Soft, *Cassius*!—have a Care! nor arm Revenge
Too Strongly:—lest it look, perhaps, like Baseness.
One were enough, to bid a Tyrant die,
Who dar'd Himself, die with him.

CAS.

CASSIUS.

Roman's numberless

Stand, now prepar'd for Summons.

BRUTUS.

Summon none:

Shou'd they be sold to *Cæsar*, they're untrusty:—

And, if they fear him, heartless.—

CASSIUS.

Such a *Tongue*,*As Cicero's:*

CIMBER.

No.—let us lift no *Prayers*;These Speechmen of the *Senate* range but Periods:*Tropes* are their *Javelins*:—*Climax* forms their *Ranks*:And, when they charge, 'tis with some smart *Harangue*.Twill be Renown enough, for these *Tongue—Cohorts*,To praise our Bravery, when it meets *Success*:

Or, if it fails, teach pliant Law to seize us.

CASSIUS.

Enough!— then, *Cæsar* finds us, in the *Senate*.—

BRUTUS.

There, be it lawful, O, immortal Guiders!

To consecrate *this Sword*, that, once, was *Cato's*,To *Cato's* Death, reveng'd! and murder'd *Pompey's*.*(Draws.)**(All the Conspirators draw their Swords.)*

CASSIUS.

Now, I will live.—Life, now, becomes a *Roman*.

BRUTUS.

No.—Let no vain false *Hope* of *Life* deceive ye:Know—yet despise, your *Danger*.—*Cæsar's* Friends

Crowd

A TRAGEDY. 55

Crowd his tame *Senate* :—Ardent, All ! and try'd,
 In Service of their Master, while the People,
 The suffer'ing People ! pleas'd at once, and wretched !
 Doat on the Tyrant's *Heart*, whose *Hand* they fear !
 Think, too, tis *CÆSAR*, we presume to wound :
Cæsar ! who aw'd an *Army*, with his *Crown* !
 Our Death, in the Attempt, is fix'd as Fate :
 But, *what* a Death !—How to be wish'd, and envied !
 Dying, that *unborn Rome* may live, in Liberty !

C A S S I U S.

How will our Deaths endear yon awful *Capitol* !
 That Seat of our Oppression, doom'd by Heaven,
 The Scene of our Revenge !

D E C I M U S.

—But, shou'd the People—

C I M B E R.

Why let the People *prate* :—So People *will*—
 Bless the Light Murmurings of their hungry Love !
 Poor *Gnats* ! They know, tis Summer, now, with *Cæsar* :
 Cloud but his Sunshine—all their Buzzing ceases.

B R U T U S.

(*They * kneel, Brutus continues standing.*)

Kneel, gener'ous Friends : * Raise your Right Hands,
 to Heaven ;

Swear—by the all-dreaded Powers, to wait my Call :
 Nor, till I sound him, touch the *Life* of *Cæsar*.—

All the Conspirators.

We swear.—

B R U T U S.

—But shou'd he—(some kind God restrain him!)
 Force my afflicted Hand, to point the Way.—
Then,

56 ROMAN REVENGE.

Then,—by that thin, pale, Flight of Roman Ghosts,
Whose how'ring Forms skim o'er th' unburied Bones,
Which the wan Moon sees whit'ning twelve lost Fields!
Their Murd'rer, if he Reigns, in *Rome*, (*All*) shall die!

Enter Cassius. CASSIUS.

Brutus, kneel with us.—Rome exempts no Kneel.

BRUTUS. (*Kneels.*)

Blast, Heaven! The Man, who spares a Tyrant's Life!
Be he Son, Patron, Brother, Friend, or—Father!

BRUTUS.

Or Father!—*Cassius!*
CASSIUS.

Son, Friend, Father, Brother;

Tyrants can Claim no Kindred: They renounce
All social Ties:—And hate a hating World.

The expanding Soul, that swells a Roman Breast,
Stretch'd beyond Rights of Blood, attones 'em, *All*,
By Virtue, Glory, Liberty, and Law.

BRUTUS. (*Swear.*)

Be it, then, Sworn.—(*All*)—By Earth, and Heaven, we

BRUTUS.

Soul-shaking Oath!—tis past, and, from this Moment,

(*Rise and put up their Swords.*)

No Man has Parent, Child, or Friend—but *Rome*,

If there, among us, *shrinks* one recreant Slave,

Curse him, ye Gods! For every Guilt of *Cæsar*!

And never let his *Race* know Comfort, more.

(*loud Thunder.*)

Hark! the confirming Powers approve my Curse—

Or, testify *Dislike*, in Peals of Thunder!

CAS.

A TRAGEDY.

57

CASSIUS.

Let 'em call on: The Brave, they know, are ready;

BRUTUS.

We meet, then, at the Capitol.

CASSIUS.

—Haste, *Decimus*—

With heedful Caution, Summon each great Name;
That gilds our Glorious List:—previous, we meet,
(Immortal *Brutus*!), in thy awful Grots.

There, shalt thou fan their Fire; confirm their Hearts: }

Unite their Purpose, and instruct their Hands:

That one concurring Spirit may direct,

And no Confusion Rise, to blast our Vengeance.

BRUTUS.

'Tis dreadful!—But, 'tis necessary:—Mark!

When yon pale *Sun*, that, with receding Ray,

Starts from our notic'd Purpose!—When that *Sun*,

Slow-measuring, sheds an Hour—This private Key

Admits you, thro' the Grove:—Be punctual All.

(*Gives Cassius a Key, then, advances to d*

Statue of Cato.)

Cato! Lost Soul of Freedom! Witness for me!

Here, I divest my Heart of Love, Grief, Pity,

Of every tender call of pleading Nature,

That moves too soft a Pang.

(*The Thunder repeated.*)

—Again!—'Tis Strange!

Why hangs this insect Weight, upon my Purpose?

Can it be terrible.—To die for Rome!

What has he left to fear, who saves his Country!

(*Enter Marcellus, hastily.*)

I

MAR-

ROMAN REVENGE. MARCELLUS.

Break off—or, be prevented:—*Cæsar. comes.*

CASSIUS.

Now, let him die.

BRUTUS.

—Avoid him, thro' that Gallery.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

SCENE VI.

BRUTUS, CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

With whom dost thou retire?

BRUTUS.

—With banish'd Liberty.

CÆSAR.

Vain, honest Purposer! Made weak by Virtue!

Thou wrong'st the Friend of every Wifh, thou form'st!

Cited by *Antony*, why cam'st thou not?

Or why, *not* coming, was Reproach thought needful?

With insolent *Contempt* of Power above thee?

Find'st thou Delight, in living to *offend*?

There's not a Name, in all thy private Friendships,

That is not mark'd, in public, as *my* Foe.

BRUTUS.

When Foes to *Cæsar* are the Friends of *Rome*,

May Heaven inspire his Will, to love their Counsel!

CÆSAR.

Speak out:—The *just* Enjoy the Slanderer's *Malice*,

And weigh their Virtue's Force, by bad Men's *Censure*.

BRUTUS.

All Men confess the Force of *Cæsar's* Virtues:

Resistless Virtues!—They *endear* the Chains

Of a submitting World, that smiles, and suffers!

CÆSAR.

A TRAGEDY.

59

CÆSAR.

Thou art, thyself, in Chains, and see'st it not;
Thou art that poorest of blind Slaves—a *Tool*!
Whose Bluntness works for Wills, that scorn thy
Promptness.

So work'd they, once, on *Pompey*.—Weak well-meancr.
Driven, yet, too proud to *follow*!—Had *he* conquer'd,
His flexile Yoke had gall'd, both Men, and Laws:
Then, what had *Brutus* been?

BRUTUS.

—Lord of *one Dagger*.

CÆSAR.

Fell mind!—And can there none be found, for *Cæsar*?

BRUTUS.

Strike, first—and blast the distant Possibility!

CÆSAR.

No.—*Brutus*!—There's a Power *forbids* that Blow;
Read this, blind Wanderer!—Know *thyself*, and *me*.

(*Gives him Servilia's Letter.*)

BRUTUS.

Cæsar, I die:—Punish'd by Heaven's just Hand,
At once, my *Life* forfakes me, and my *Love*.
Pity, when I am gone, and think of——*Brutus*:
The Life, *you* gave him [*Starts*] will deserve your Care,
Farewell!—And, for the *Father*, may the Gods,
To the Son's Heart, transfer the Mother's Love!
Servilia!—Heaven, *Servilia*!—wrote *she* this?
She did—and, if I *wake*, *Rome* sleeps forever.

CÆSAR.

I had not thought, till my return from *Parthia*,
To trust thee with this Secret, of thy Birth;

I 2

But

60 ROMAN REVENGE.

But to protect Thee, from the Willes of *Cassius*,
I claim Thee, and Precipitate my Purpose.

(*Offers to embrace him, who starts back*)

BRUTUS.

Rome! Virtue! Nature!

CÆSAR.

Nature! young Man, call it

By its sincerer Titles? call it *Pride*,
Self-soothing.—Hurl your Bolts, ye Gods! at *Faction*!
Faction!—that finds a Power to blot out *Nature*!

BRUTUS.

Spare an astonished *Wretch*, who lives too long.

CÆSAR.

Is there, who fears to be the Son of *Cæsar*?

Wretch, say'st thou?—to be born the World's next *Heir*,
And reap the Laurels of a Hundred Victories?

BRUTUS.

Oh, *Cæsar*!—

CÆSAR.

Lab'ring with a *Will* to speak,

Some infelt Horror checks thy rising Accents.

BRUTUS.

Cæsar!

CÆSAR.

Speak like my Son.

BRUTUS.

Wou'd I were dead.

CÆSAR.

Sounds *Death* more soft than Son?

BRUTUS.

Such if I am,

Brutus.

A TRAGEDY:

61

Brutus, unbow'd to *Kings*, may kneel to *Cæsar*. [*Kneels*.

CÆSAR.

On.—

BRUTUS. (*Offering his Sword*)

—Kill me ;—or, forbear to be a *King*.

CÆSAR.

Thy very *Soul's* a Rebel :—not alone

To *Power*, but ev'en to *Blood* :—unnatural Traitor !

Rise, and repent :—and, when thou think'st, like *Man*,

Be own'd *Rome's* Son, and mine :—till then, be *Brutus*,

(*Turning to go.*)

BRUTUS. (*Holding his Robs.*)

Oh ! stay.—I never can quit Claim to *Cæsar* :

Hear, if a *Father*, with a father's Ear ;

Or, judge with a Friend's Heart, and ease my Horror.

CÆSAR.

Leave me.—My Heart is *Adamant* :—Away ;—

My Blood grows warm againſt thee : Dread thy danger.

Be gone—or, I ſhall catch *Disdain*, from Thine,

Till, conqu'ring *Pity*, to repel *Presumption*,

To puniſh *Insolence*, I puſh back *Nature*.

Cæsar, at leaſt, was born, to govern *Brutus*.

BRUTUS.

He was—he was—but not to govern *Rome*.

CÆSAR.

Headſtrong *Enthuſiaſt* ! Stubbornneſs, like Thine,

Embroids Republicks ; and makes Tyrants needful :

Go : join thy ſavage Friends : chaſe *Fear* from Faction :

Bid Guilt ſleep ſafe, in my *Contempt* of Treachery :

Their Conqueror ſtands ſubdued, by his own *Mercy* :

—Yet bid their Blindneſs learn, when Claims contend,

And

And Rights invaded rouse resenting Realms,
 'Tis *Fierceness*, in the *Free*, most, hazards Freedom.
 And Liberty is *lost* to punish Pride. [Exit Cæsar.]

BRUTUS. (*Rising*)

Let me not *leave* him, tho' Despair has caught me :
 But, following, sigh for *Rome*—and live for *Cæsar*.

Why was I born to *think*, and be *unblest*'d,
 To licence Reason, is to forfeit Rest :
 He, who assumes *Distinction*, calls for Woe ;
 Peace is a Cottage Claim, and loves the Low.
 Nor Shame, nor Trust, nor Envy, *finds* us, there !
 Hearts, *fill'd with Quiet*, leave no Void, for *Care*.

End of the Third Act.



A C T. IV.

S C E N E I.

A Grot in the Garden of Brutus.

CALPHURNIA, TORBILIUS.

CALPHURNIA

'TIS near the appointed Hour :

TORBILIUS.

I judge, tis *past*.

CALPHURNIA.

Then Heaven, that loves its *Likeness*, wake for *Cæsar*, !

TORBILIUS.

In this Out-Grot, they meet :—In that adjoining,
Curio has close conceal'd his chosen Guard,

Each

A TRAGEDY.

63

Each Moment strength'ning, by admitted Files :
Hence vocal Windings, which pervade the Rock,
Swell whisp'ring Sounds to Loudness.

CALPHURNIA.

How look'd Portia?

TORBILIUS.

Sad—till she heard your animating Name :

Then, like a Sun-beam, radiant thro' a Mist,

She smil'd away her Anguish.

CALPHURNIA.

—At her Approach,

Leave me *Torbilius*.

TORBILIUS.

——Who then guards you hence ?

CALPHURNIA.

I mark'd th' impending *Ivy*, o'er the Arch——

Grieve, not tho' Pride repell'd thy honest Purpose,

Nor fear the endangering Fate of stubborn *Brutus* :

My Friendship, in alarming *Portia's* dread,

Will caution, and preserve him.—Go :—she's here.

[*Exit Torbilius bowing to Portia, whom he meets entering.*]

SCENE II.

CALPHURNIA, PORTIA.

PORTIA.

This mournful Grot ne'er touch'd my Taste till now:

But present Friends bring *Sunshine* to the Soul.

And Seats of Horror change to Scenes of Bliss.

'Twas fortunate, thou call'dst thy *Portia*, hither !

Brutus is sad to-day, and Purposes

Retirement, here, beneath this sullen Shade :

Our Presence will relieve him.

CAL-

ROMAN REVENGE

CALPHURNIA.

—*Stop him, Portia!*

Let me not find him;—*save my Eyes that Horror!*

PORTIA.

Good Heaven!—*what has he done?*

CALPHURNIA.

Stay not, to ask:

Even that lost Moment may be *fatal* to him.

Go; bid him guard his Ear from cruel *Cassius*:

Time will permit no more; go warn him—*save him.*—

If thou delay'st a Moment; Fate o'ertakes him;

And t'aying but, till *Cassius* comes—he *dies*.

PORTIA.

Be clear in Pity to my beating Heart;

Brutus has been traduced.—He loaths all Falsehood;

CALPHURNIA.

Shunning the Falsehood loath'd, he may be safe.

PORTIA.

He comes.—Now, hear him justify his Fame,

From this foul Charge—and vindicate thy Goodness.

CALPHURNIA.

No.—Tis thy Weight must shake his conscious Soul.

Save his endanger'd Name, and bless my Notice.

PORTIA.

I cannot *move*:—*forgive my trembling Knees;*

My Heart restrains their Power.

CALPHURNIA.

Alas! I pity Thee:

Rest, and recall thy Spirits, and receive him.

[*Aside.*] Now, to my fatal Post.—[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A TRAGEDY.

65

SCENE III.

PORTIA. (*alone.*)

(*After an astonish'd Pause.*)

Some dreadful Meaning!

And my too wakeful Fears confirm it just:

Cassius, of late, with warm, assiduous Art,

Flatters my Brutus, whom his Envy bun'd:

Cassius is wily, proud, malicious, bitter!

Burns, with ungovern'd Hate: and brooks not *Cæsar*.

Associate Vice may taint the soundest Virtue:

And Honour bleeds, shou'd *Cæsar* fall by Brutus!

Not that my patriot Heart disclaims the Roman!

I, who was born to Liberty's great Guardian,

By right of Nature, shun tyrannic Sway:

Yet Brutus—twice offending—twice forgiven,

Twice, forfeited to *Cæsar*'s Clemency,

His own lost rights to Justice:—shou'd he, then,

Quench the kind Light, he lives by, the rash Murderer

Kills his own Fame, and dies to every Virtue;

SCENE IV.

PORTIA, BRUTUS

BRUTUS.

Who call'd thee hither Portia?

PORTIA.

Rome's kind Gods,

BRUTUS.

In Haste they summon'd, and, in Haste they left thee,

Was it, because they saw *Calphurnia* with thee?

And shun Society with *Cæsar*'s Friends?

K

PORTIA

66 ROMAN REVENGE.
PORTIA.

Ne'er may the Gods forsake the *Friends of Cæsar*,
Since *Brutus* more than all Men, such, by Gratitude,
Merits Protection from the Powers, who love it.—
Does *Cassius* move in Grots?

BRUTUS.

Why ask'st thou that?

PORTIA.

Romans, who meditate the Death of *Cæsar*,
And owe him not their *Lives*, may mean no Murder.

BRUTUS.

Torbilius is a Traitor:—*Rome* is bought,
And all those guardian Gods, who lov'd her Liberty.
Forsake her, and support the Cause of *Cæsar*.

PORTIA.

Rome bought?—and Traitors?—If I watch thy Look:
Rage, and Despair, have dim'd thy Eyes with Anguish,
If I regard thy Language,—Death dwells, there,
And, like a Groan, at Midnight, frights my Fancy.
Stay I would ask.

BRUTUS.

Ask nothing;—'tis a Time

For Action:—keep thy Words for idler moments [*is going*.

PORTIA. (*Holding him.*)

Hark! 'tis thy Fate, that calls thee.

BRUTUS.

I have heard it:

Why woud'st thou thus restrain me?—*thoughtless Portia!*
Be wiser.—All the Lives of *Rome's* best Friends
Demand me! *Theirs* the Fate, that calls!—Away:—
Honour, and Oaths, and Death, and Glory—call me.

PORTIA.

A TRAGEDY.

67

PORTIA. (*Still holding him.*)

By Heaven! you go not, till you first relieve me,
From this dark Torment, which your Words implant:
I'll know, *what* Friends? *what* Oaths?

BRUTUS.

Loosen thy Hold:

Nay, if thou *stay'st* me, my unwilling Strength
Must break ungentle from this ill-tim'd Rashness.

(*Forces himself away*)

PORTIA. (*With a Dagger*)

Turn, *Brutus*! turn,—regard this *silent* Pleader?

If thou wou'd'st wish to spare the Breast of *Portia*,

Dread the determin'd Hand of *Cato's Daughter*.

BRUTUS.

What wou'd thy Madness hint? what means that dagger?

PORTIA. (*Pointing a Dagger to her Breast.*)

Stir, not a Step.—Thy first vain Start to seize me,

Plunges Deliverance to my rescued Heart,

Which unconfiding *Brutus* loves to torture.

BRUTUS.

What would thy Soul-distracting Purpose frame?

PORTIA.

The bloody Secret, thou conceal'st from *Portia*,

Thou shar'st, with every vulgar Friend of *Rome*.

BRUTUS. (*Suspended, and amaz'd.*)

Why wou'd'st thou bid me *license* future Scorn,

To haunt my hated Name?—Make me not *faithless*,

Left *Songs* teach Times to come my Hearts fond weakness;

That, to a *Woman's* Tongue, resign'd a *Secret*,

Which sunk the World's last Hope;—and gave up *Rome*.

K 2

PORTIA.

PORTIA.

Where *sleeps* the Spirit of thy stern Forefather?
 Whose awful Firmness, sculptur'd into Life,
 Frowning thro' Stone, disclaims degenerate Rome!
 Teach him, some *Gad!* that CATO call'd *Me* Daughter.
Brutus believes me *light*, like *vulgar* Woman!
 Oh!—'twas for *this*, the sorrowing Shade resought me:
 Hinted Futurity, through mystic Night,
 And shew'd me, *Brutus* wou'd be *Mine*—no more.
 Find, in that dreadful Warning, how He judg'd:
 Feel, what he thought of his own *Portia's* *Daring*.
 Trusting the Fortitude, he gave—He knew,
 That *Cato's* Daughter could not dread to *hear*
 The worst, that *Cato's* Spirit dar'd to tell.

BRUTUS.

Generous, I know thou art;—But thou art *Woman*?
 Secrets of State, and Blood, o'erload your Minds.

PORTIA.

Tis the false Reasoning of a Sex, that *wrongs* us:
 Why shou'd a Secret's weight o'erload the Heart
 Of *Portia*—yet, disturb not that of *Brutus*?
 All, thou can'st *wish* me, thou shalt find, I am:
 All, thou can'st *suffer*, thou shalt feel, I *dare*.
 Poorly, perhaps, thou think'st, the Fear of *Wounds*,
 And *Pain*, and *Sword's*, and threat'ning *Death*, might
 —*Judge*,—by this willing Blow—— [shake me!
 (*Strikes the Dagger into her Left Arm, which Brutus,*
advancing swiftly, snatches from her.)
 —off——off——by Heaven
 Thy *Failure* had transferr'd it to my *Heart*.

Learn

A TRAGEDY. 69

*Learn, from this bleeding Proof, that,—when I shrink
from Thoughts of Death, I fear not for my own.*

BRUTUS.

What has thy Bride's ill-grounded Rashness done!

Oh! let me Mend that error of thy Hatred:—

Bind up th' ungentle Wound, and call ~~Me~~ to thee.

PORTIA.

Never!—tho' Death divide us!—Never—never

Shall Portia veil this Mark, how Brutus lov'd her;

Till, to Redeem her Life, he trusts her Vertue.

BRUTUS.

Perish the Pride of such a dear-bought Fame,

As costs my widow'd Heart the Life of Portia!

—Read that dire List. (Gives her the Roll.)

Till my Return conceal it:

And weigh those mighty Names, against ONE Cæsar.

PORTIA [*Permitting Brutus to bind*

her Arm with his Handkerchief.]

Must Cæsar die?

BRUTUS.

—Twas sworn.

PORTIA.

—Did Brutus swear.

BRUTUS.

He did:—A dreadful Oath!—ask what, hereafter,

Bound to the Gods, those angry Souls of Rome,

Submitting to my Hand, the public Vengeance,

Kill Cæsar, instant,—or permit his Life,

As Brutus warrants, or with-holds, the Blow.

PORTIA.

Then, Cæsar cannot die.——He pardoned Brutus.

BRUTUS

70 ROMAN REVENGE.

BRUTUS.

Oh ! I cou'd tell thee Wonders !——But the Help,
I fly to send thee.——and *their* forfeit Lives,
Whose Rashness I must warn, permit no more.
Portia, farewell :——If e're we meet again,
I will complain, of thy impatient Ardor,
And thou shalt justify the Heart of Brutus.

[Exit hastily

SCENE V.

PORTIA. (*alone.*)

PORTIA.

Live, *Cæsar* ! live, and reign !——The' *Cato's Blood*.
Calls for Revenge ;—and a whole People's Rights,
Usurp'd, *absolve* one bold Assumer's Fall ;—
The Hand of *Brutus* must not stain *Rome's* Justice ;
Nor, with detested Murder, pay back *Mercy*.

(*Peruses the Paper.*)

Heaven ! what confederate Power ! what Names, least
likely,

Start from this dreadful Roll, and threaten *Cæsar* !
——Wou'd I were still a *Stranger* to this Secret !
Yet, that unknown, —*who* had dissuaded *Brutus* ?
Is he dissuaded ?——let me weigh that Question.
Who knows but, while I speak, th' appointed Hour
Impends !——It DOES !——Farewell, he said—and left me !
Farewell !——then added——*if* again we meet !
If !——Heaven ! what meant that *if* ?—tis plain he doubted,
Whether we ever *were* to meet, or No !

SCENE VI:

A TRAGEDY.

71

SCENE VI.

TO PORTIA, *enter* CALPHURNIA, *with*
TORBILIUS, CURIO, *and* Soldiers,
CALPHURNIA.

Never, unhappy Portia!—Far divided
Be Innocence like *Thine*, from Guilt and Murder!
Teach thy reluctant Heart, to *give up Brutus*:
For never will thy Eyes behold him more.

(*Portia fix'd in Amazement, lets fall the Roll, which*
Torbilius takes up, looks into, and offers to Calphurnia.)
Let not the hated Scroll pollute my Touch!
Fly with it, hence——bear it, with Speed to *Cæsar*:
Tell him, *Torbilius*! how the Gods have fav'd him:

TORBILIUS.

Happy, to miss thy Name, lov'd *Brutus*, here!
Well-vers'd in *Cæsar's Pity*,—glad, I go. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

PORTIA, CALPHURNIA, SOLDIERS.
PORTIA.

Oh!——

CALPHURNIA.

Wife of *Brutus*!

PORTIA.

——Chill'd to *Stones*, by Horror,

Kindly, thou wak'st me, with that powerful Name.
And my recover'ing Breath implores thy Mercy.

CALPHURNIA.

The *Wife of Cæsar* speaks: Absolve her Justice:
Had the too dreadful Danger been *Calphurnia's*,
Then, had my willing Pity met thy Prayer:

Sav.

72 ROMAN REVENGE.

Sav'd, whom thou lov'st, and *lost* a *Third* vain Mercy,
But thou hast *heard* it! *Brutus* murders *Cæsar*!

—Yes *Cassius*!—bloody *Cassius*!—I have wrong'd thee:
The *Foe* but wish'd *Revenge*:—The *Friend* resolv'd it.

P O R T I A.

What does thy angry *Virtue* mean to do?

C A L P H U R N I A.

—Blast his vow'd *Guilt*, and force him to be *safe*.
Round, from the neighb'ring *Grot*, rush *Cæsar*'s friends,
Rapid for *Interception*:—If they find him,
Try thy wish'd *Power*: reclaim his *Will*, from *Cassius*,
Whom if his *Fate* has driven him, now, to *join*,
By all my *Fear* for *Cæsar*'s *Life*—he *dies*!

P O R T I A.

Detain him, all ye *Powers*, who pity *Woe*!

(Enter *Curio* with other *Soldiers*.)

C U R I O.

Vain was our *speed*:—There is an *Iron Door*,
That, opening to a *Vault*, beneath these *Rocks*,
Leads toward th' *Æmilian Baths*:—'scap'd thro' that
E'ere now, he rises in the *Shade* of *Rome*. [Passage,

(*Portia faints*.)

C A L P H U R N I A. (To a *Soldier*.)

See! th' unhappy *Sufferer* faints!—support her:

(To *Curio*, in a lower *Voice*.)

Mean *Time*, while slow-returning *Sense* forsakes
Her pitied *Ear*, whose *Sighs* my *Soul* deplores,
Curio!—The *blank Commission*, *Cæsar* gave thee,
Claims, from my *Hand*, a *Name*, to guide thy *Duty*:

(*Receives the Table-Book*, from *Curio*, writes in,
and returns it to him.)

Brutus

A TRAGEDY.

73

Brutus becomes the *Void*, with bloody Grace ;
Take it, and know thy Hour.

P O R T I A.

Bless'd, ye kind Rocks !

Bless'd, be your guardian *Echos* ! That have swell'd
Death's Murmurings to my Ear :—If my Strength fail
Home, on the Wings of Love, and Fear, I'll fly : [not,
Brutus shall live ; and every God shall guard him.

(Starts up and goes out.)

C A L P H U R N I A.

Restrain her, *Curio* !—The preventive Love,
This weeping Virtue bears her sentenc'd Lord,
Wou'd warm him from the Fate, his Guilt compells.

(*Curio* brings her back.)

Come—guide th' afflicted Trembler to my Palace.

P O R T I A.

No.—Kill me, *here* :—Earth has no Place, so fit
For *Portia's* Death, as where her *Brutus* left her :
Art thou a *Soldier* ? hear me :—All the Brave
Have Hearts to weep the Woe, their Hands have caus'd.
But *Man* is cruel.—Hear, *Calphurnia* !—Thou
Art Woman :—Thou art *Cæsar's* tender *Wife*.
Measure another's Mis'ery, by thy own.
Pause but, to think thyself the *Wife* of *Brutus* ;
'Twill plead my Cause, and force thee to forgive.

C A L P H U R N I A.

Cou'd *Portia* so forgive the sought, sworn, *Death*
Of Him, beyond whose Life she shuns to live ?
Knock at thy own Heart's Door, and find mine jus-
tified :

L

Yet

74 ROMAN REVENGE.

Yet, bleeds my social Soul, and feels thy Fate ;
 Poor, suffering *Excellence* ! And wretch, unguilty !

PORTIA.

Oh ! I can never by a Wretch, by *Thee* !
 I am thy *Friend* :—Dwell on that Thought, *Calphurnia* :
 Even, when the CRADLE claim'd me, I was *Thine* :
 Sorrows, and Pains, *must* come :—They come to All,
 But, sure ! they shou'd not come from those, we *love*.

CALPHURNIA

They *cannot* come from Love :—They *may* from Justice.

PORTIA.

Let *Foes*, and *Strangers* be, severely *Just* :
 Friendship declines to punish, tho' 'tis wrong'd.

CALPHURNIA.

Think of the *present* Hour.

PORTIA.

Think of the *Past* ;

When prating Childhood, yet, had learnt no Power,
 To lisp its little Meanings, into Sense ;
 Stammering our untaught Instinct, Side by Side,
 We wander'd, fearful of each other's *Fall*,
 And tripp'd, and smil'd, and totter'd, into *Love*.
 Scarce felt our *ripening* Years a Sense of *Woe* :
 'Twas *Foreign*, all——for all, within, was Peace.

While the divided City, round us, glow'd
 With cruel Discord, and domestic Rage ;
 Even, while our dearest Friends took different Sides,
 And Civil Fury shook the partial Soul :
We, still superior, to a *Nation's* Hate !

Smil'd on—confided, mix'd embracing Minds ;
 And all our Contest was—*which*, most, shou'd *Love*.

CAL-

A TRAGEDY.
CALPHURNIA.

75

Why woud'st thou, thus, recall past Hours of Joy?
Those were the sun-shine Days, of Mirth, and Peace,
Now, 'tis all win'try Darknefs,—War, and Blood!

PORTIA.

Brutus is dear to Portia.

CALPHURNIA.

—Not *less* dear

Is Godlike *Cæsar*, to *Calphurnia's* Soul,

PORTIA.

If Brutus lives.

CALPHURNIA.

—*Cæsar*, he swore, must *die*.

PORTIA.

Cruel Impatience! Not to *heer* Distress!

CALPHURNIA.

Patient I heard, till he confess'd it sworn:

Heard, till he told thee,—each dire Murderer dar'd

Vow *Cæsar dead*,—when *Brutus* Wills it done.

PORTIA.

Brutus will not.

CALPHURNIA.

—Away—'twas Sworn, 'twas SWORN.

Hear that, all-judging Heaven! And think, by *whome*!

Ingratitude's a Guilt, that startles Nature,

And, with a Fury's Foulness, stains Mankind!

Constrain her, *Curio*!—Force her gently, on;

PORTIA.

Stay, Stay—I will be heard,—*cruel Calphurnia*!

CALPHURNIA.

Alas! What woud'st thou say?

L 2

PORTIA.

76 ROMAN REVENGE.

PORTIA.

———Wou'd I cou'd tell !

Wou'd I were skill'd in Woe, to touch thy Pity !
Perhaps, I shou'd be *Humbler* ?—Teach me, tell me.
Oh ! I'm not stubborn.——If the *Queen of Cæsar*,
Waits for the bended Knee ; and, looking down
To suppliant Homage, tastes the *Flatterer's* Prayer :
See ! *Portia*, prostrate on the Dust, implores thee,

(*Kneels.*)

See her Soul agoniz'd,—and ease her Terrors.
Grant him *but* Life ! Spare his mistaking Virtue :
Banish him—far from *Rome*, and Power, and *Cæsar*.
To *unhous'd Scythia's* bleakest Wilds, expose him :
Leave him one—one—*but one* ! Sad, humble *Shelter* !
His *Portia's* *aching* Bosom !—Never—ah ?—Never,
Will *she* forsake him !—Off, ye glittering Trifles !

(*Tears off her Jewels.*)

Ye *Toys* ! That help to blind unblest'd *Distinction* !
Come—in *their* Place—Despair ! Affliction ! Penitence !
Be these *my* Claims !—For these my *Brutus* shares in.
Shuddering, and bare, I'll trace th' unheltry Desert
Tread the bleak Wilderness of *Want*, unflinching,
Unwishing *Comfort*, and content with *Pain*.
Sleepless, myself, I'll watch his weary Slumbers,
Feed his pale *Fire*, hang o'er his heedless Bosom :
Break ye rude *Snow-drifts*, which the Storm blows
round him,

And love him into *Taste* of safe Distress.

CALPHURNIA. (*To the Soldiers.*)

Why will ye wound Compassion, by Delay ?
The Sorrows of a suffering Friend, are Torture,

None,

A TRAGEDY.

77

None, but a *Devil*, at once can *cause*, and *bear*.

Relieve me, and, with tenderest Force, obey.

P O R T I A. (To the Soldiers,)

Reverence, ye Slaves of Power! The Race of *Cato* :

His unsubmitting Soul survives, in *mine* :

And swells against Compulsion.

(Soldiers step back.)

——Dare not think,

I dread to *die*.——But *know*, that *Portia's* Death

Shall be the *Choice* of *Portia*.

At a Signal from *Calphurnia*, they seize her Hands.

——Hope, as soon,

To claim *impassive Spirit*!——High Disdain,

Resisting *Insult*, at a Thousand Doors,

Can let out Life, and laugh at vain *Restraint*!

I will, with stubborn Pain, imprison Breath,

And burst, indignant, from a World, that holds me.

I will, on stony Pavements, hard and cold,

As deaf *Calphurnia*! Dash my dizzy Brain :

I'll swallow *Fire* :—Rend, with impatient Teeth,

This suffering Flesh, and plunge from hated *Light* ;

Unhand me, Torturers ! Murderers !—*Help* ! *HELP* !

I will extend my Voice, if *Brutus* hears not,

Till the forgetful *Gods* are rous'd to *Justice* !

C A S S I U S. (From the Garden.)

Where *are* you? say! Whence flow'd that suffering

Sound?

P O R T I A.

Blest be th' attentive Powers!—'Tis *Cassius* calls:

C A S S I U S. (Without.)

Haste, *Climber* ! Join *Marcellus* ; guard the Postern:

Cross

Cross those arm'd Enter'ers, ere they reach the Grove;
Fabius!—Fulgentius!

CALPHURNIA.

Save me, righteous Jove!

CURIO.

(tunc

Scorn this new Terror. Think, *whose conquering Fox*
 Summons a Sword, untaught to wrong his Cause.

(*Exeunt Curio, and Soldiers, drawing their Swords.*)

CALPHURNIA.

Heaven guard my *Cæsar*,

PORTIA.

Save my *Brutus*, Gods!

(*Clashing of Swords heard, without.*)

SCENE VIII.

CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, CASSIUS,

CASSIUS. (*Entering.*)

Guard well those Prisoners, while I—— (*Starts.*)

Calphurnia, here!

Nay then, some Villian has betray'd our Cause.

PORTIA.

Torbilius bears your *lifted Names* to *Cæsar*,

And *Brutus*, if you save him not, must die.

CASSIUS.

Freedom has Friends, in Heaven, too strong for *Cæsar*;

No Note of Danger, ever, more shall reach

The Tyrant's watchful Ear:—*Rome's* vow'd *Avenger's*,

Now, at his Entrance to the insulted Senate,

Led on, by Liberty's returning Gods,

Shall, there, appease them, with his offer'd Blood.

[*Exit hastily.*]

SCENE

A TRAGEDY.

79.

SCENE IX.

CALPHURNIA. (*Aside.*)

Hold firm my frightened Heart ! Tis but a Moment !
Suffering with Dignity, disgrace not Glory :
Ev'n, in this dreadful Turn, preserve thy Greatness :
Nor let thy trembling Fears, alarm'd for *Cæsar*,
Lose the *Dignity*, due to *Cæsar's Wife*.

(*Advances to Portia.*)

Portia ! A Change, like this, might prompt weak Minds,
To justify Despair, and give up Virtue.
But I, who trust the Gods, with good Men's Safety,
Know, that, in *Cæsar's Triumphs*, Heaven but guards
Th' assauled Greatness, which, itself, inspir'd :
Rising against Distress, *Calphurnia smiles*
At Traitor's Threats, and brightens from Eclipse.
Fearless, to *possess* her Lord has taught her ;
And, from meant Evil, force unwilling Good.
All, Thou must hope, when *Cæsar's* cloudless Star
Meets, and shines through, and burns above this Tempest ;
Is—that my Sentence may remain suspended,
Till the Dictator's never-weary'd Mercy
Pours Penitence, on the touch'd Heart of *Brutus*.

PORTIA.

Slow Blessings come too late, and bring new Curses :
This, but a Moment past, had sav'd us, Both :
Now, *Portia* rules not, here :—Tis angry *Cassius* :
The proud Conspirators possess my Gates,
And *Brutus*, absent, leaves me to their Power,
He flew, to warn those rash, discover'd, *Romans* :
But hasty Rage makes frustrate every Care.

Yet,

80 ROMAN REVENGE.

—Yet, *claim* what e're my Weakness *can*:—Tis *due*
To kind Forgiveness of a Friend's first Fault:
To our past Wishes, and our present Fears:
For, ah! Who knows, what dire Events *impend*,
To blast eluded Hope, and make *both* wretched?
—Come, to *my* Chamber, let us sadly move,
Pensive, from Fear, and terrified for Love:
There, let us mourn *Ambition's* restless Rage,
And mutual Mis'ry mutual Help engage.

CALPHURNIA,
Warm, from my willing Heart, I join that Prayer,
Ne're may *Ambition waste* a good Man's Care!
Vain are his Hopes reluctant Foes to *bless*:
And still, the more his Toils, his Praise the less.

End of the Fourth Act.



A C T. V.

S E N E I.

A Court before the Capitol.

CASSIUS, CIMBER, CINNA, CASCIA,
CIMBER.

Sure! Never Day *ran back*, like this, before!
So sweet a Dawn, so chang'd, at once to *Tempest*:

CASSIUS.

Chang'd, like the *Fate* of *Rome*! Above, tis *Sunshine*:
Beneath, tis, all, *due Darknefs*!—*Senate's* Power
Shall brighten, and plebeian Clouds ride *low*.
What hasty *Footstep* that?

CIMBER

A TRAGEDY. 81

CIMBER.

'Tis *Decimus!*

(Enter *Decimus.*)

CASSIUS.

Alone! Why comes not *Brutus?*

DECIMUS.

Near thy *House*

I met him hast'ning to suspend our Meeting:

And urg'd the general Cause, that claim'd his Presence.

CASSIUS.

He shou'd not, yet, have heard of *Portia's* Danger,

Nor *Cæsar's* Warrant, found.—

DECIMUS.

I told no more

Than that *Torbilius*, trusted with our Names,

Lodg'd 'em, in *Cæsar's* Hand.—So, what, before,

Was common *Glory*, common *Safety*, now,

Demanded instant:—therefore, here we met,

No more to part, till *Rome*, or *Cæsar* fall.

CASSIUS.

Heard he that, firmly?

DECIMUS.

He's at Hand, to join us.

CASSIUS.

Then Fate is *Ours*: And this proud Climber's Height

Sinks to the Level, where his Name shall rot:

Mark, with what *Ease* a Tyrant's Empire falls!

But yesterday, this Man's exalted Praise

Trod on the Stars: and *Cæsar* was a God!

M

To

82 ROMAN REVENGE.

To Day, the insulting *Foot* of *Rome* shall spurn him,
And mix his powerless Ashes with the Dust.

CIMBER.

Hark! Was not that a *Scream*?

CASSIUS.

Some Prophet *Raven*,
That, conscious, on the *Dome's* high mould'ring Roof,
Feels, and foretells, that *Cæsar's* Ghost is rising.
(*A Noise hear'd, without, like the Fall of a Building*)

CIMBER.

Some horrid *Ruin* that!

CASSIUS.

Look out, good *Decimus*.

DECIMUS. (*Looking out*)

Amazement! The long, venerable, *Line*
Of Statues,—All *Rome's* old, and awful *Chiefs*
Lie fallen! And shapeless Fragments load the Floor!
(*Long, and loud Thunder.*)

CIMBER.

Shoud not a Change, like this, that mixes Palaces
With the up-heaving *Center*, at the Moment,
When our bold Purpose *moves*, alarm our Caution?

CASSIUS.

Blow, till ye burst, ye big-mouth'd *Menacers*!
'Tis but a *Breeze*, to Hearts, inflam'd for Glory.

CIMBER.

Breeze!—In such Breezes, Furies imp their Wings,
Death! The Storm howls, as if the Winds felt *Envy*;
And would out-mouth the Thunder!—Call ye *This*
A *Breeze*?—my Feet want Steadiness!—The Pavement,
Heav'd

A TRAGEDY.

83

Heav'd, in disjointed Surge, rolls loose beneath me.

CASSIUS.

By Heaven, tis Glorious Ruin!—Round our Heads
Fall *Rome's* imperial Turrets:—Earthquake, and Tempest
Plow the mix'd Elements: Noises, far heard,
Live, in the Winds, and *Voice* the frantic Air.

Day darkens: and the Eye of Heaven seems *quench'd*.
Nature's wide-loos'ning Fabrick *shakes*, about us!
While *we*, with Nerves of Steel, press on to Vengeance.

Oh! my brave Friends! What future Fame is Ours!

What *Cato* cou'd not——what nor *Asia's* Aid,

Nor *Pompey's* sailing *Fleets*——not tawny *Afric*,

With all her Sun-defying Swarms of War!

We few—we, *Roman* Few——*have done*——this Day!

CIMBER.

One Way, or other, we shall *serve* the Senate:

Living, we set it *free*.—And, if we *die*,

We teach it to *vote safe*;—and rail, in *private*.

DECIMUS.

See! What a pensive Visage *Brutus* brings!

CASSIUS.

Save us! He looks, as if the tumbling *Statues*
Had crush'd him into *Cowardice*!

SCENE II.

CASSIUS, CIMBER, DECIMUS,

CINNNA, CASCA, BRUTUS.

BRUTUS. *Rome's lost.*

CIMBER.

Then, *Cæsar* timely warn'd, has shun'd his Danger.

M 2

BRUTUS

BRUTUS.

No.—The last Thing, *Cæsar* will shun, is *Danger*.——*Roman's!* Attend; and weep your Country's Fate.I swore the Death of *Cæsar*:——Curse me not,Ye Parent Gods!—I thought it due, to *Rome*.To Law—to Liberty—to *Man's* lost Rights;

To Power's Restraint, and a deliver'd World.

The Hour—the dreadful Hour, high Heaven! I nam'd!

Ev'n now, its, last dire Moment calls on *Brutus*:And now, ev'n now, *Brutus* is *Cæsar's*——Son!*(Conspirator's, all start, and look down, in a speechless Astonishment.)*BRUTUS. *(after a long Pause.)**Servilia* was in secret wedlock join'd——And gave *Herself*, and *me*——to *Cæsar's* Love.*(Conspirators still silent, fix'd, and amaz'd.)*BRUTUS. *(After another short Pause.)*Is there a *Roman*, so benumb'd of Soul,So firm, so passionless, so steel'd a *Stoick*!So nerv'd, beyond all vulgar Strength of *Man*!That he darts urge what *Brutus* swore to do?*Cassius*!—Thou tremblest.——

CASSIUS.

'Thou shalt tremble, too,

At the last Counsel, I will live, to give thee.

BRUTUS.

Think, e're thou speak'st——for *Nature* is at Stake;

And, list'ning, dreads th' Advice, thou dar'st obtrude.

CASSIUS.

Mark then——were *Brutus* of *Plebeian* Mould,*Cassius* wou'd say, serve on: The Tyrant Son

Shou'd

Shou'd aid th' Ambition of the Tyrant Father.
Rome had but mark'd *two Cæsar's* for *one Fate*.
 But thou wer't born her *Friend*—thy Name is *Brutus*,
 And every *Brutus* breath'd, to *bless* Mankind.
 Thy changeless Heart, inflexible for *Virtue*,
Patriots a *Tyrant Blood*, tho' drawn from *Cæsar*.

BRUTUS.

Be dumb—be warn'd—'twere *impious* more to hear thee,

CASSIUS.

Nay mark—thou know'st what *Cataline* propos'd,
 When, with a *Rebel Hand*, he shook his *Country* :

BRUTUS.

I know it, *Cassius* !

CASSIUS.

—On that lawless Day,

When, desp'rate, he presum'd an Act, like *Cæsar's*,
 Suppose—all wily, with a *Tyrant's Craft*,
 This *Catiline* had claim'd thee, for his *Son* ?

BRUTUS.

Roman thou wrong'st me.——

CASSIUS.

Call me, then *no Roman* :

BRUTUS.

'Twas a disgraceful Question:——It imply'd,——
 A *Brutus* might be *brib'd*, to wrong his *Country*.

CASSIUS.

Cæsar yet *lives*.——

BRUTUS.

—*Cæsar*—and *Catiline* !

Gods!—what Disparities thou yok'st together !
 —That *Cæsar's Policy* not feigns me *His*,

Learn

86 ROMAN REVENGE.

Learn—I have Proof, too plain,—*Servilia* spoke
Spoke, from the Shades of *Death*, and own'd *meCæsar's*—

CASSIUS.

Did her *Ghost* tell this Dream?

BRUTUS.

The Dream is *Thine*,
Light *Cassius*!—She confess'd it, in her Letter:

CASSIUS.

Cæsar has *Arts*, beyond thy honest reaching,—

But, let it pass—*Cæsar* is *Cæsar*, still;—

Be *Brutus* cheated, by his Tale, or no—

He no less guilty.—*Thou* no less a *Roman*.

BRUTUS.

If he's my *Father*.—

CASSIUS.

Rome was still his *Mother*:

Where lives a bolder *Paricide*, than *Cæsar*?

BRUTUS.

Away—my shrinking *Soul* abhors thy Purpose!

If I am *Cæsar's* Son, *Cæsar*, to me,

Is faultless:—Nature made me *not* his Judge.

And, till *Rome's* Gods redeem her, *Brutus* dares not.

CASSIUS.

If *Duty* binds—thy *Soul* was *Son* to *Cato*:

He form'd thy Truth, thy Firmness, and thy Virtue: A

He taught thee to revere the Gods, thou swor'st by:

And feel the sacred Force, that firms an Oath.

BRUTUS.

Perish an Oath—against the Birth, I breathe by!

CASSIUS.

Thou but contribut'st *Faith*, to help *Deceit*!

Thou

Thou art not—can'st not be—the Son of *Cæsar*:

I know, thou art not.

BRUTUS.

Cassius!—If I am!

What Clash of Contradictions rends my Soul!

Horror, and Piety, divide my Virtue,

Save *Cæsar*, all ye Gods!—But save *Rome* from him,

CASSIUS.

Cæsar must not be safe,—Or, *Rome* must fall.

BRUTUS.

Oh, *Cassius*! partial *Hatred* weighs unjustly:

Mercy so tempers his Pretence to Power,

That Tyranny grows safe—and looks, like Freedom.

CASSIUS.

There is an awful Equity, that towre's

Above Men's private Passions:—Tyrants die.—

And Sons of Tyrants want their Father's Virtues:

Then bleeds a groaning State! and Right, and Rapine

Descend from Heir to Heir, for ten red Ages,

E're comes Another *Cæsar*.—Hence, 'tis Mercy,

When One Man dies, to save the Blood of Nations.

BRUTUS.

Dies, *Cassius*!—by a SON!—Oh! righteous Heaven!

Avert the impending Horror!—Foe to Nature,

Hint it no more—Or, *Brutus*, turns the Sword,

Thou point'st at *Cæsar*'s Life—against thy own.

CASSIUS,

I've heard I am too hasty!—Judge me Romans:—

You, who have seen the Proof, that Heaven has

lent me;

Judge,

88 ROMAN REVENGE

Judge, to what *daring Length*, this rash, blind, Man
Provokes his Friend's Impatience :—Let that punish thee.

(Gives him *Cæsar's Table-Book*.)

Read *there*, what envied Rights thy Birth derives
From *Cæsar's Blood*--who, thus, cou'd sentence *Thine*.

BRUTUS. (*Reading*.)

“ Wrong'd *Cæsar* claims Redress from *Curio's Sword*;

“ Be this his *Warrant* for dispatching—*Brutus*.

—If this was *Cæsar's*, he believ'd me not

His Son.—and I have treated *Truth*, unkindly,

CASSIUS.

Yes--thou hast thank'd us well !—these Friends !

—this *Cassius*,

Who in the *Grove*, from *Cæsar's* Murderers, sav'd
Doom'd *Portia*, thy Belov'd ! on Death's dire *Verge*.
And seizing *Curio*, found that *Warrant* with him.

BRUTUS. (*Reviewing the Warrant*.)

By Heav'n ! tis *Cæsar's Hand*.

CASSIUS,

—Tis *Cæsar's Heart* :

He judg'd the *Virtue*, like his own-*Disguise* :
So try'd *Corruption's Power*—and held out *Hope*
Of proud *Succession* : Thou, if *Cæsar's* Son.

Wert Heir to *Cæsar's* Empire.—Failing, there,

He found One surer Way :—*Marius*, his Uncle,

Had taught him, that dead *Foes* resist no longer.

BRUTUS.

Oh ! it is all, too plain !—Come, *Cassius* ! *Cimber* !

Decimus ! *Cæcia* ! *Cinna* !—Guardian Friends !

Dwell in my Bosom ; share the Joy, you give :

Help

A TRAGEDY. 89

Help me to thank the *Gods*, I'm once more *Brutus* ?
 Oh ; I cou'd play the Wanton——let loose Pleasure ;—
 Laugh with the light : grow thoughtless, and forget
Rome's Danger, for a *Day*——to Cherish Rapture !
 Now, where's the *Tempest* ?—where's the *Thunder*, Now ?
 Loud let it rend, unfeared, the Arch of Heaven :
 'Tis ominous, no longer :——let it roar
Delightful ? *Brutus* is no Son of *Cæsar* !
 That ! let it swell that Sound ?——let it to Earth,
 Air——Heaven, and lowest *Hell's* lost Hope——proclaim,
 That *Roman Brutus* is not Son to *Cæsar*.

CASSIUS.

Thank the kind *Gods*, who sav'd thee from such Horror.

BRUTUS.

Indulgent Heaven ! were I like happier *Roman's*,
 Nature had now set free my patriot Hand,
 And *Brutus* were again, but *Friend* to *Cæsar*.

CASSIUS:

Time calls ;——the Senate waits us.

BRUTUS.

Stay, stay *Cassius* !

I feel, I know not what, of Nameless *Doubting*,
 Still, hov'ring dark, and slack'ning half my Heart :
 Oh ! I am, yet, his Son.——A *Friends* a Father :
 And *That* kind Title has been, *ever*, *Cæsar's*.

(*Trumpet heard at a distance.*)

Help Heaven ! that *Trumpet* calls him to his Fate !
 Fly, *Decimus* ? prevent him : court him *hither* :
 For the *last* Time, I'll press my Power, to save him.

CASSIUS.

Think—how expos'd thou leav'st the *Friends* of *Rome* !

N

BRUTUS

98 ROMAN REVENGE.

BRUTUS.

If I betray you, may the Gods, I swore by,
Revenge your Cause! and *Rome* renounce my Name!

CASSIUS.

On thy known Truth, deserted we depend :
Fix'd in Belief, as if those Gods, invoc'd,
Stood Pledges for thy Purpose.—On to the Senate.

(*Exeunt all, except Brutus.*)

BRUTUS. (*alone.*)

Immortal Taskers of this fatal Moment!
Free my entangled Thoughts from gathering Darkness,
And let *Rome's* safety flow from *Cæsar's* Will!

—He comes—Oh, Shade of *Cato*! guard my Virtue

SCENE III.

BRUTUS, CÆSAR. and LICTORS.

CÆSAR. (*To the Lictors.*)

Retire, and wait within:—I wou'd be private.

(*Exeunt Lictors.*)

They tell me, thou ha'st *Secrets* to impart :

What are they ?

BRUTUS.

—May the Soul of *Rome* inspire me !

CÆSAR.

Wilt thou be Son to *Cæsar*?

BRUTUS.

—*Cæsar's* Son,——

With *Pride*——if *Cæsar* will be Son of *Rome*.——

CÆSAR.

Again?——presumptuous Weakness! know thy Duty:

Whether wou'd popular Pretension drive Thee ?

BRUTUS.

To live for Liberty.—Or die for Glory : (CÆSAR

A TRAGEDY.

91

CÆSAR.

Thou mean'st a Substance, but thou serv'st a Name.

BRUTUS.

Rome's Senate held her Freedom *more* than Name.

CÆSAR.

Her Senate, rich and proud, oppress'd her People;
Her People, poor and headstrong, spurn'd their Yoke;
Hence, rose the new Necessity, thou see'st not,
Of some unformal, Self-supporting *Sword*,
To cut Sedition boldly, to it's *Root*,
And rectify the crooked Growth of Empire.
This done—regenerate *Rome* grown *sick* for Liberty,
Make it thy future Gift:—and, therefore reign.
Now, 'tis Seditian's Cloak,—Her Trumpet's *Call*,
That State-disturbers arm by.

BRUTUS.

Teach the Senate

These found Defects; and shape their wish'd Redress,
Theirs is the Right to *think*, for counsell'd *Rome*:
Cæsar a King——Were all his Virtues Stars,
Rome's Rights invading, makes his Virtues—Crimes.
Cæsar a Citizen, protecting Law,
Mix'd with the People, reigns the People's God.

CÆSAR.

What Law? what People?——Government grew
Graft,
And Violation throve by Law's Protection:
Power's tott'ring Ballance shall be fix'd more justly.

BRUTUS.

What single Hand has Right to fix *Rome's* Scale?

N 2

CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

All Men have Nature's Right, to bless their Country.

BRUTUS.

Blessings are Insults, if by Force, impos'd.

CÆSAR.

*Then Heaven, that blest'd an unconcurring World,
Insulted Nature's Freedom.*

BRUTUS.

*Give up the Stubborn ;
Trust Rome to Rome ; and Freedom, to the Gods.*

CÆSAR.

Errors that spring from Pity, call for Pity.

BRUTUS.

Pity thy Country's Tears : the Groans of Millions !

CÆSAR.

I did.—and, therefore, I assum'd Dominion.

BRUTUS.

*Dominion adds no Fame to Worth like Cæsar's :
Nature proclaim'd Thee Noblest.—Deeds, like thine,
Raise their Performer's Rank, till King sounds poorly,
Times purple plunderers, All, shall steal thy Name,
And bid their proudest Title be but——Cæsar.*

CÆSAR.

*Surphace, without a Depth !——false Patriots, thus,
Busied in Forms, let slip the Soul of Purpose !
While with delusive Toil, thou plow'st for Freedom,
Cheated by seditious Seed, thou sow'st but Slavery.
Against One fancied Tyrant, blindly warm'd,
Thou, for a Hundred, help'st to curse thy Country.*

BRUTUS.

*They curse their Country, who disturb her Peace ;
And march their iron Legions, o'er her Bosom.*

CÆSAR

CÆSAR.

I shew'd thee, obstinate, persisting Rebel!
 Peace had no *Root*, in *Rome*:—Her Rights were *Forms*:
 Her Senate—a loud Hive of insect *Kings*;
 That robb'd, and stung: and call'd Oppression—

Privilege.

Their lawful sovereign Lord, the People—*Slaves*:
Slaves! in the Mockery of imagin'd Freedom!
 See thy Misguiders rightly,—Trust a Father:
 Affection cannot injure:—Thou art *pale*!
 Look on me *Brutus*!—What new Dream disturbs thee?

BRUTUS.

—Wake me some *Roman God*!

CÆSAR.

—Wake thee, to feel

Nature's lost Power.

BRUTUS,

—I feel it *All*, for *Cæsar*.

CÆSAR.

What woud'st thou teach my Doubts to apprehend?

BRUTUS.

Vengeance, and *Death*, from *Romans*.

CÆSAR.

Vengeance is Mine:

I won it in the Field,—to throw it back,—
 And scorn'd the unmanly Trophy: *Death* is my Friend:
 Come, when it will—tis but discharge from Care:
 'Tis but to 'scape false Fears, and real Sorrows,
 'Tis but to rest from Wrongs, and rise to Glory.

BRUTUS.

There's not an unbought *Roman*, in the Senate,
 But meditates thy Murder.

(CÆSAR)

94 ROMAN REVENGE.

CÆSAR.

Murderers, Brutus;

*Kill their own Character :—He, whom they strike,
Dies, to his Memory's Profit.—All, they can dare,
When they attempt like Men,—like Man, I'll meet.*

BRUTUS.

But shou'd they *mean* some dark, dishonest Blow?

CÆSAR.

Then *Heav'n*, that hates the *base*, will strike the Strikers.

BRUTUS.

If thou can'st fear, fear All.

CÆSAR.

To say, I cannot,

Were light :—*I will not, Brutus.—Feeble Fear*

Is a low, fruitless, Passion :—It unnerves

Resistance ; and obscures Prevention's Eye :

Meets a short Blow, half-way ;—and aids its Weakness
Life is not worth a Fear.

BRUTUS.

Fear for Mankind ;

Fear, for the fate of *Rome*, that loses *Cæsar*.

CÆSAR.

No more. I know *Rome's* wants, — and reign, to serve her

Menace to me, means Nothing : spare thy Terrors ;

Not ev'n the Threats of *Heaven* alarm the *Just* :

Shou'd the contending *Elements* break loose,

And into formless Atoms, rend the *World*,

The Friend of Truth *must fall*—but falls *unshaken*.

BRUTUS.

Oh, *Cæsar* !—my full Heart !—farewell, forever.

(Turning away, Disordered.)

CÆSAR

A TRAGEDY. 95

CÆSAR.

Brutus, in Tears!—to mourn we Griefs, we make?
Immortal Gods!—what *Madness* blinds Conceit?
He, who, unmov'd, resists the Voice of Nature,
Melts, in imagin'd Woes, and weeps for Rome.

BRUTUS.

No:—I but *die* for Rome:—I weep for Cæsar,
[Exit, in Confusion.]

SCENE IV.

CÆSAR, TRINOVANTIUS.

CÆSAR.

What? my bold *Briton*—Welcome, *Trinovantius*,
I love thy Country's Virtues.

TRINOVANTIUS.

Cæsar, hail!

When thy Friends *feare*—and ev'en a *Brutus* weeps.
May thy Gods guard thee, as thy *Soldier* wou'd!

CÆSAR.

Long, has thy brave and faithful *Cohort* serv'd Me;
What are their *Wants*?—teach *Cæsar* how to please
Thee.

TRINOVANTIUS.

No *Briton* waits a Prayer upon *Himself*,
When his *Friend's* Life's in *Danger*.

CÆSAR.

What then wou'dst thou?

TRINOVANTIUS.

The *Senate*, met, and full of seeming Faith, (thee,
Wait thy wish'd Presence;—*Rome's* rais'd *Throne* invitee,
Thy plain, well-meaning Friends, the *Populace*,

Bear

96 ROMAN REVENGE.

Bear offer'd *In-ense*, thro' the Streets-of *Rome*;
And pay their willing Worship to thy *Statues*.
All the pleas'd City smiles.—Yet, cou'd *I* move thee;
Cou'd thy old Soldier's first-felt *Fear* persuade;—
Cæsar shou'd shun the sad-presaging Hour,
And bid this *Diadem* attend his *Leisure*.

CÆSAR.

I thought, the Sons of *Thame's* had felt no *Fears*.

TRINO VANTIUS.

No *Fears* they feel from Earth's uniting Anger:
But, when *Heaven* frowns, 'tis impious, not to tremble.
All Nature, thro' her Works, seems, now, convuls'd:
—I met the palid *Vestals*, wildly screaming:
Fled, from the *extinguish'd* Fire, robeless, and bare:
And blind amidst the Dust of crumbling *Towers*;
Shook from the dark'nd Summits!—Doors of *Sepulchre's*
Untouch'd, fly open: and from silent *Urns*,
Where slept in Monumental Rest, the Bones
Of *Rome's* first Founders, slow-ascending *Shades*
Catch form;—and hov'ring, in the *quick'n'd* Air,
View some *sad Fate*, they want the Power to tell:
And shrink, and start—and fly the sick'ning Sun.
——Such boding *Signs* fore-note impending *Fate*:
And Heaven, from whom Kings hold, postpones thy

CÆSAR.

[Claim.

Wie *Trinovantius*!—'Tis to bold for *Man*!
'Tis *Insolence*, to lift the Eternal *Gods*:
Make Nature *bus*, and un-hinge a *World*.
To lengthen, or cut short, a Mortal's Moment?
Th' all-ruling Powers have fix'd our destin'd Space;
And we, too weak to shun, must wait their Will.

TRINO VANTIUS.

A TRAGEDY. 97

Tis whisper'd, — some great Names *write* for Mischief,

CÆSAR.

*Ambition, born for Contest, owes Contempt
To Threat'ners. —*

TRINOVANTIUS.

Yes. — But, cautious *Not* of Treason,
Timely, and oft, averts the Traitor's Purpose.

CÆSAR.

To live in daily *Dread*, is daily *dying* :
'Tis worse than Death : — 'Tis Sickness never *cure'd* !

TRINOVANTIUS.

Suffer my *Britons* to surround the Temple,
And trust malicious *Senates* to their Eye.

CÆSAR.

Who swears his Enemy, submits to fear him.

— Stay, my good Friend, thou com'st no farther on.

TRINOVANTIUS.

I leave thee, *Cæsar* ! with a strange *Regret* !
For my fore-boding Heart is filled with Terror,

CÆSAR.

Be comforted, — Thou over-rat'st my Danger,
Three hundred *new Patricians* swell the *Senate* :
All, mine, for their own Safety : — Half the *old*, —
Names, like the *Julian*, fam'd, e're *Rome was Rome* !
Converts to slow-found Truth, embrace her warmly,
These, nobly owning, teach the *Rest* to *own*,
When Error is *Disgrace*, Retraction's *Virtue*.
What apprehend'st thou, then, from that small Remnant,
Whose Weakness is too *wise*, to dare their With,

TRINOVANTUS.

O, *Pallas* ! *Pallas* ! — Guide of Martial *Cæsar* !

Q

Ho

98 ROMAN REVENGE.

How grew the Master-Soldier of the World
Unmindful, what *Success*, in Deeds of Blood,
Crowns *unexpected* Rashness!—If we but *think*
Th' Attempt impossible, we *make* it safe.

—Had (but that Heaven forbids) this unfear'd *Few*,
Weak as they seem, dar'd in full *Senate*, strike,
Firm, and combin'd, at *Cæsar's* sacred *Life*;
His Friends, th' astonish'd *many*—powerless unnerv'd,
In Gaze of helpless Horror, had sat passive,
Each doubting each—a *Fee*; till Fate had reach'd thee,
And, while Prevention paus'd, Presumption triumph'd.

CÆSAR.

Briton! Thy Heart is manly: and thy Mind
Adorn'd with every Gift of Faith, and Wisdom!
Act, as thy Doubts inspire thee.—Since *thou* fear'st,
'Tis strange, that I, too, cannot!—Yet, beware,
Thou call'st no Aid of *Arms*:—Civil to Civil,
And, but to *martial* military.—Hear'st thou

(*Loud Cry of A Cæsar—A Cæsar!*)

Yon shouting Swarm, that shakes *Rome's* echoing *Domes*;
Lead those *loud Voters*, from the o'rcrowded Streets,
To where their Cry may reach the *Senate's* Ear:
'Twill caution Guilt, perhaps! And aid Resolves.

TRINOVANTIUS.

Thanks to the Gods, thy Friends! Who led thee, once,
To charm our fraudulent *Isle*!—By *them* inspir'd,
One grateful *Briton* saves the *Roman Soul*!

(*Cæsar, and Trinovantius, turn to go off, on*

opposite Sides.)

SCENE

A TRAGEDY.

99

SCENE V.

TORBILIUS. — (*Entering hastily.*)

TRINOVANTIUS. — (*meeting him.*)

Bless thy quick Step! Com'ft thou to hold back *Cæsar*?

TORBILIUS.

Brave *Islander*; I do:

TRINOVANTIUS.

Emperor! Dictator!

CÆSAR.

Hush thy too busy Terrors.

TRINOVANTIUS. (*Aside.*

Hold him, sweet *Roman*!

Tun'd *Eloquence* is thine: Tell him some *Tale*,

No matter on what Subject, make it but long,

[*Exit hastily.*

CÆSAR. (*seeing Torbilius.*)

Why art *Thou*, here!—Did *Brutus* vote for Murder?

TORBILIUS.

Shun the met *Senate*:—All mean Murder, *there*:

CÆSAR.

All cannot.—Thou defam'st too broadly:—Who?

TORBILIUS.

The Patriot Faction.

CÆSAR.

Thou has't *your*'d Ideas,

Which Reason must divide.—Patriot, and Faction,

Like Oil on *Waters*, mix, when strongly shaken:

But never can unite.—disjoin'd, by Nature!

TORBILIUS.

Patriot's can envy.—And who envies—hates.

O 2 Let,

100 ROMAN REVENGE.

CÆSAR.

Let 'em hate on—In Men, who love their Country,
Envy but quickens Virtue.

TORBILIUS.

This black List

Contains O, *Cæsar*! thirty Traitor's Names:
Traitors, by great *Calphurnia's* Care detected:
Traitors, who under Friendship's fair Disguise,
Have with confederate Malice, sworn thy Murder.

CÆSAR. (Taking the Roll.)

Did my *Calphurnia* send thee?

TORBILIUS.

Cæsar, she did:

CÆSAR.

My Friend's Names, say'st thou, in this Roll of Traitors?

TORBILIUS.

All thy most trusted, most distinguished Friends?

CÆSAR. (After a Pause, re-

turning the Roll, unopened.)

Take back thy bloody List, and hide Man's baseness:

Where Trust is tainted by such dire Deceit,

Life is not worth preserving.

TORBILIUS.

Lord *Calphurnia*.

Demands it:—for her sake, repress thy Scorn.—

Stay but to go well-guarded.

CÆSAR.

Against Enemies,

Cæsar suffices for the Guard of *Cæsar*: —

But, against Friends, Distrust were Violation.

TORBILIUS. (Holding his Robe.)

Stay, but to be convinced—ill-fated *Cæsar*! CÆSAR

A TRAGEDY.

101

CÆSAR.

*I will not be convinced, that Faith is Weakness.
Who wou'd take Pains to lose that Peace, he feels,
From generous Confidence in human Virtues ?
If there are Wretches, who, oblig'd, betray,
'Tis Comfort, not to know 'em.* [Exit Cæsar

S C E N E VI.

T. TORBILIUS *enter* TRINO VANTIUS

and two Roman Officers.

TORBILIUS.

Oh ! farewell,

*Rome's Fame !—Her Evil Genius has prevail'd :
And Cæsar's Death shall doom declining Empire.*

[Exit.

TRINO VANTIUS. (*Repelling a
crowd of Plebeians?*

Stand back, keep distance ; reverence the sitting Senate :
Whom will you crown your King ?

PLEBEIANS.

A Cæsar. ! A Cæsar !

TRINO VANTIUS.

Bless your concurring Joy ! ye grateful People !
Cæsar is yours—and you are justly Cæsar's !
Crown him with Rapture.—For were Cæsar King,
Rome had no Tyrants: All your lordly Patrons,
Stripp'd of oppressive Power, shall call you Brothers.
Office, with equal Eye, shall search for Skill,
And Liberty become the poor Man's Claim.
There are, who justly dread in Cæsar's Crown;
His Love of the Unhappy :—dread his Pity.
He will not see the groaning Debtor sold,

T

102 ROMAN REVENGE.

To feed the rich Man's Luxury.—No Tears
Of starving *Want*;—no iron Hand of Law;
No Slaves to fellow-subjects, shall make *sad*
The Streets of happy *Rome*—if *Cæsar* reigns.

(*A cry from within—Liberty! Liberty: Liberty!*
Hark! in that Cry, arose no voice of Joy!
By Heaven; they Murder *Cæsar*! guard this Doot,
Good Romans! *Fulvius*! *Ætius*! your try'd Swords,
And mine, dare enter.—Follow *Me*, and save him.

(*As they are going off, with their Swords drawn;*
they are stopt by Antony, who enters disordered.)

ANTONY.

Spare your meant Aid:—alas! it comes to late:
Murder, with all *Briareus*'s hundred Hands,
Pierc'd the *World*'s Soul—and Conquest is no more.

TRINOVANTIUS.

Curses consume their Names; what villain Hand!—

ANTONY.

Caeca struck first.—*Cæsar*, up-starting seiz'd
The assassins Steel—back plung'd it home,—and cry'd,
No—villain *Caeca*! No—thus, thy own *Poiniard*
Corrects thy feeble Purpose:—*die—die—Traitor*!
Down to the expecting Shades—say *Cæsar* sent thee.
There, press'd beneath a storm of Wounds, at once,
He stood, and frown'd, and bled, on every Side:
Moving at last, Majestic—the red Hand
Of miscreant *Brutus* met his radiant Eye.
Then *thus*.—*All*, cruel Murderers? what! *All*?
And Thou! My Son! My *BRUTUS*! Nay then, to
conquer,

Were

A TRAGEDY.

103

Were to perpetuate *Pain* :—and Death grows *Joy*.
Speaking, he sunk :—Soft, o'er his manly form,
Smooth'd his disorder'd Robe—and, listless, died.

(*Cry again, from within, Liberty ! Liberty !*)

TRINOVANTIUS.

Edge this true Sword, kind Heaven ! they dare descend.

(*Advancing to meet the Conspirators, he is held back
by Marc Antony.*)

SCENE VII.

TRINOVANTIUS, ANTONY, and
Officers, CASSIUS, DECIMUS, CIN-
NA, MARCELLUS, with bloody Daggers.

'Tis past—Ambition bleeds ; and Rome is free :
Hail ! Lords of Rome reviv'd ! Nation of Princes.
Now once more, Masters of a World, you won !
Dare vindicate the Hands, that broke your Chain.

TRINOVANTIUS. (*struggling against Antony.*)

Cowards ! cold-hearted Cowards !—You, who thus
Fear to Revenge—'tis you, have murder'd Cæsar.

ANTONY.

No, Trinovantius.—Trust the Gods, and Rome.

With Cæsar's Vengeance !—carefull, thro' the Crowd,
I seek, but find not Brutus.

CIMBER. (*Enters wounded*)

—Who nam'd Brutus ?

CASSIUS.

'Twas Antony—come forward, valiant Cimber !
Where ha'st thou left our Chief ?

CIMBER.

[*Unhappy Brutus !*

Struck, by the Words, and Look, of dying Cæsar, (He

104 ROMAN REVENGE.

He bow'd to *weep* upon the Wound, he *made* :
 When, from a Gallery, bursting in, *above*,
 Held twixt the *frantic Vestals*, there appear'd
Cato : yet living Sister—*lost Servilia* !
 See ! cry'd the breathless Trembler, —*Traitor ! Paricide !*
 Call'd by *thy Crimes*, in vain, from a Retreat,
 Where *hid*, (not *dead*) I shun'd a hated World,
 Thy Mother's blasted Eye,—fell Monster ! Murderer !
 Finds thee, too late : And every God shall Curse thee,
 She *scream'd*, and sunk, amid the *vestal Train*,
Brutus ! all Wild, as with a *Fury's* Horror,
 Gaz'd, up, down, round—wrung his clos'd Hands—
 ran—stopt,
 Return'd——then, with a bursting sigh, resum'd
Composure : kneel'd, and kiss'd the Robe of *Caesar* !
 But snatching a fall'n *Dagger*, rose, distracted,
 And cry'd—take, take me Vengeance ! *Rome is free* :
 “ But *Brutus*, in her Cause, has *stab'd a Father* !
 Near, as he aim'd the meditated Blow,
 I broke its erring Force——and on this *Arm*,
 Receiv'd the pointed Mischief.——So, *prevented*,
 I left him, 'midst a Guard of weeping *Romans*.

ANTONY.

Well may he *weep* !—but when he *reads a Charge*,
 The murder'd Father left the murdering Son ;
 What will he *then* endure ?—what *Curse* has Earth,
 So deep, so dark, to hide him from *Himself* !
 When he shall see, that, to his bloody Hand,
Caesar consign'd the Power to *fix Rom's Liberty*.

CASSIUS.

Thou speak'st in *Mystery*, *Marc Antony* ! (AN-

A TRAGEDY.

105

ANTONY.

Move to the *Forum*. — In the Face of *Rome*,
I shall unfold the *Will* of *Rome's* lost Guardian.

CASSIUS.

Cou'd artful *Antony*, prove *Cæsar* wrong'd ;
Cassius wou'd then confess, he was too hasty.

ANTONY.

Traitor ! thy willing *Envy* lov'd the Error :
And thou shalt expiate—far, as lowest *Vices*.
Too weakly can atone for murdered *Virtue*,

This Hour's detested Guilt, by *Death* and *Infamy*.

TRINO VANTIUS.

Summon the People :—I'll revenge this Murder ;
Then, mourn lost *Rome*—and guard *Britannia's* Liberty,

(*Exeunt Roman Officers, and Plebeians.*)

ANTONY. (coming forward.)

Had but Ambition *Eyes*, to look thro' *Fime*,
Twou'd see its ruinous Toil, and shun to climb :
Fondness of Noise, and Crowds of Court would cease,
And Man's whole Happiness be plac'd in *Peace*.
Safe Liberty would guard each Patriot *Throne*,
And *Tyrant* be, henceforth, a Name unknown:
All Fruit of Power is *Pain* : and what is *Fame* ?
When ev'n a *Cæsar's* Glory stains his Name,

The E N D,

E P I L O G U E.

In Duetta:

CALPHURNIA.

WHAT think ye Sirs, of our Quack-stage Physicians
Who gives Folks Pills, in Verse—to cure *Ambition*?

PORTIA. (*entering Opposite*)

Fifty to One, he *breaks*: ——— for, to my Knowledge,
That Cure's too hard, even for our *Female College*!

And, (don't look silly, Sirs, when plainly told it,
Where we give out, You've poor Pretence, to hold it:

CALPHURNIA.

Well— but, pray, Madam! ——— was not this *Intrusion*?
Two— to One Epilogue?

PORTIA.

Bar ——— false Conclusion.

Cupid, that yokes you *Smarts*, nere dragg'd 'em hither,
Till broke to Female Tongues, *Twice Two*, together

CALPHURNIA.

Nay — if *They're* pleas'd, I am. ——— your *Plot*? pray tell us.

PORTIA.

The Plot, of *Petticoats* ——— to charm the *Fellows*.

CALPHURNIA.

Hang *Petticoats*. ——— I came, to roast *Sedition*.

PORTIA.

Well. and I'll fouse it's *Cause*, — Stand clear, *Ambition*.
Begin. ———

CALPHURNIA.

Do, you



PORTIA.

I dare not.

CALPHURNIA.

Why?

PORTIA.

Depend on't

My Tongue, once well beginning, makes no end on't

CALPHURNIA.

No matter. ——— *Woman's Woman's Match*, nere fear it.

PORTIA.

Is She? — come. plead the Cause — The *Bench* shall hear it.

CALPHURNIA. (*turns to the Audience*)

Tho', born, a *Maid*, — and, therefore, no *Man-bater*.

There's ONE *He Thing* I loathe ——— and That's, a *Traitor*.

Fidious, Contentless Monster! ——— form'd to grumble.

No *King* can please him ——— and no *Wife* can humble.

Where

What'ere hard Durance binds him,—— (make no doubt on't)
He'll find some strange new Holé. and creep fast on't on't.
Horrid, the *Traitor's Wife's* abhor'd Condition!

PORTIA

Worse, ten times worse, the *Maid's*, that weds *Ambition*!
Oh Ladies!——too, too apt, to over rate it,
Catch a few, private *Hints*: and learn to hate it.
The *Traitor*, once for all's, but *bang'd* and quiet:
Th' *ambitious* Friabler's *Life's* one, long stretch'd, *Rise*.
Like a Nun's Flannel Shift, worn close, to *seam* ye.
Ais Cow-itch Clasp sticks fast, and fondly yeFleas

CALPHURNIA

Now, tis *my* Turn to speak.——*Adiant*, SEDITION!

PORTIA

Not yet, this half hour.——*Ladies*, fly AMBITION
Husbands, who that hard *borny* Taste, inherit,
Dry, like *'sill Rose-Cakes*, and turn, all, to *Spirit*.
Wrapt in *Thought's* Cloud, they're like, (no doubt) to *cheer* ye,

CALPHURNIA

Who see, hear, touch,——and, yet, scarce know, there near ye.
Good *Friend*, and dear *Ally!*——henceforth, *uniting*,
Spite of *bad Patterns*, let's *join Hands*, for *Fighting*.

PORTIA

A *Match*.——so join'd, each *Star* must *Conquest*, mean us.
Lord help the poor *French* *Prig*, that falls, *between* us!

CALPHURNIA

Say, what *Ambition* is.

PORTIA

Tis *Treason's Mother*:

Nurse, of Debate——

CALPHURNIA

Sly Devils! Both one, and To'then!

What is *Sedition*?

PORTIA

Virtue's false *Pretence*:

Religious *Cloak*,——the *two-edg'd* *Sword*, of *Sense*.

Tis *Freedom's* *resty* *Start*: *Pride's* *patriot* *Plea*:

Sound, that *ca'nt* *bear*: and *Sight*, that *will* not *see*.

Sedition! Thou art *Discord* never *ending*.

CALPHURNIA

Ambition! Thou art * *crack'd*, past *Power* of *mending*
* (pointing to the Head)

Past even *St. Edward's* *Cure*, thou dire *King's* *Evil!*

Thou first *Plague* *Mark*,——on *Angel*, *Man*, and *Devil!*

Snubborn as *Woman's* *Will*, thou hat'st *Restriction*:

And grow'st but ten *Times* *worse*, for *Contradiction*.

PORTIA

H/1/5
58

Shun plotting Heads, dear Ladies—All miseries,
When one, that hums and haws at Midnight,—*Marius*,
Better, plain downright *Shun* no Dreams pursuing:

CALPHURNIA

One, that means bloody and knows, what he's doing,

PORTIA

Not him, whose torturing Mind, estrang'd from Pleasure,
Holds him, still busy, when his Wife's at Leisure.

CALPHURNIA

Better, a Sportsman, (dunk'd in Wind, and hearty,

PORTIA

Better a Set—than Spout *to* with Party.

CALPHURNIA

A hunting Husband halloo, and weber him,

PORTIA

Auntie Denny dragg, and run for him,

CALPHURNIA

Each, confidant of his Wife, take care to make her,

One Way, or other, to escape Partake,

But, your eyes, *Scorn*, *Patience*, *Lover*,

Has nothing, fit for Woman to discover,

PORTIA

No. He's a deep, dark, native Comfort-haven, Boded for

CALPHURNIA

(Solitude.

And could no for *Spain*

PORTIA

Stranger, an' *holla*, *holla* *afraid* for Blessing!

And finds what're he has, not worth Possessing!

CALPHURNIA

Freedom, and Mirth, with Health and Joy *shall* *diffuse*

PORTIA

And Shuns all *Rep.*—*With* *Drill* *Soundly*, *wife*, is!

CALPHURNIA

At length, (Thank Heaven) he's kind Vapours' Bribe high,

And leaves behind

PORTIA

Then Thankfull Madmen, like him,

CALPHURNIA

Additional Town



ALPHON